# NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
**A Weekly Sporting Paper,**
DEVOTED TO

THE RING, THE TURF,
YACHTING, PEDESTRIANISM,
CRICKET, ROWING MATCHES,
THEATRICALS, MUSIC,

And the various sports of the
OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

The CLIPPER is published every Thursday morning, and is for sale by the news dealers in New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, Jersey City, &c., at the low price of 3 cents per copy.

Reports of Races, Prize Fights, and sporting items of all kinds will be gladly received from correspondents, and inserted gratuitously in the columns of the CLIPPER.

Advertisements inserted on reasonable terms, viz., 6 cents per line for the first insertion, and 4 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. The CLIPPER will afford a desirable medium for the circulation of sporting and other advertisements, as its immense patronage secures its perusal by 50,000 readers.

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Correspondence from other cities, towns, &c., will meet with proper attention.

Sporting Items are solicited from all quarters.

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## Belle ob Tenisee.

White folks, now have pity,
And listen unto me,
I tell you 'bout a gal I loved,
Dat lived in Tenisee;
Her hair so black an' curly,
Her teeth so berry white,
Her eyes dey war just like de stars,
Dey shine so bright at night.

CHORUS:—Rosa, dearest Rosa,
My heart still beats for thee,
You're de only yaller gal I love,
De belle ob Tenisee.

When I left dat happy spot,
It griebed my heart full sore,
To tink ob leabing her behind,
An' neber see her more.
De tears dey started from my eyes,
As Rosa said to me,
"My dearest Joe, don't leabe me so
Alone in Tenisee,"
Rosa, dearest Rosa, &c.

You may talk about Susanna,
An' your pretty Susa Teil,
De belle ob Louisianna,
An' de charming Lucy Neal;
But wid my dearest Rosa,
No oder one can shine,
When dey come to talk ob beauty,
Why she leabes dem all behind.
Rosa, dearest Rosa, &c.

If Rosa she war mine again,
How good dis nigger'd feel,
I'd play upon de banjo den,
While Rosa dance de reel,
I'd hunt the coon an' possum,
For it war my only pride,
Den happy, happy would I be,
Wid Rosa by my side.
Rosa, dearest Rosa, &c.

## HINTS ON SPARRING,

AND ON THE

ART OF ATTACK AND DEFENCE.

[Concluded]

POSITION OF THE BODY.—"Attitude," say the dandies, "is every thing," and if it be applicable to their "code of grace," it is doubly so to the accomplished boxer. Upon the position of the body in placing yourself before your adversary much depends; and the competent judge at once, from the manner in which you stand, draws his conclusion as to your probable capabilities. The preservation of a proper equilibrium in the presentation of your person, is the first consideration. The centre of gravity must be well considered—that is to say, every limb should be capable of equal freedom of action, as if proceeding from a common centre, namely the trunk or body. All stiffness or constraint should be avoided, and a man should stand perfectly at his ease, without imposing upon one member more than another an undue proportion of gravity. Thus, neither arms nor legs should be so placed as to be inconsistent with perfect freedom of action. If the arms be held too far out, or the legs too far asunder, as experiment will at once demonstrate, a man quickly becomes fatigued, and shifting of position necessarily follows, of which a wary" antagonist will instantly take advantage. The body should be equally poised, the feet should be about twenty inches apart, the left in advance pointing to your adversary, the right a little back and firmly planted ready for a spring forward or backward. The head should be held well up, and the arms in advance, the left more forward than the right, and sufficiently high to embrace freedom of action, while the chest, with full front, is well covered; an easy play of the arms will occasionally place one arm before the other; but the left is that with which you should lead off, while the right, with which you mean to stop, does not require so much leverage. The hands should not be closed tightly before you mean to hit, but, that resolved upon, they should be clenched firmly and set forth as a solid mass of bone, the full front of the knuckles in advance in as straight a line as possible to the point of contact; the whole weight of the shoulder and muscular energies of the arm must be exerted to give the blow additional weight and effect. Should your adversary lead off, you are equally prepared to stop right or left, and to return with quickness and effect with either hand, as the sharpness of your sight and presence of mind suggests. Your left toe and knee should be invariably pointed to your adversary, for in their direction will your blow inevitably go. If the toe or knee be turned outwards, as you will at once discover on trial, your blow will be deprived of its proper impulse. Some men, in hitting with the left, or "vice versa," throw up the other hand at the same moment to guard the head. This is decidely bad, and, as must be obvious, diminishes the intended delivery of one half of its force, besides interfering with the clear view of your adversary, whose return you have to defeat. By trying the experiment you will at once discover, that if you hit out your left or right with full vigour, bang from the shoulder, the opposite arm falls back as a matter of course, from the common principles of gravity, but instantly resumes its place on recovering your position—the natural equilibrium is obtained, and it takes its turn in following the example of its neighbour, by completing the "one two," or stopping, as the case may be. The right hand in our opinion, ought always to be used as the reserve, to guard the head or body from attack, while the left is used for execution.

OF LEADING OFF.—To the modern system of long sparring, stopping, and getting away, we have a strong objection; it is tedious to the spectator, and fruitless to the men engaged; the sooner therefore you can lead off with effect the better. For this purpose you should measure your distance with a judicious eye, and finding yourself "at home," you should make up your mind, while still fresh and vigorous, to commence operations: a slight dodge or feint soon apprizes you of the character of your antagonist. No man can expect to win a battle without the chance of punishment; regardless, therefore, of consequences to yourself, although fully prepared with your right to stop a similar game, forthwith "make play,"—let fly smack with your left—at the first glimpse of an opening, dart into action, at once resolved to "conquer or die;" and it is not impossible that this very display of fearless confidence gains for you the "'vantage ground," which you may preserve throughout the fight. Whenever you hit, however, take care the "steam is well up," and that determination of body and mind go hand in hand; no half-measures will do, and the "tapping" system must be "thrown overboard;" for, although pretty, it is powerless. When you do make play be prepared for the return, not only with your right-handed guard, but with your head well up; and swift as lightning step back so as to diminish the effect of the expected retort, which, the moment evaded or received, you again follow up in rapid succession, left and right, as occasion offers.

ON STOPPING.—In stopping a coming blow at the head, left or right, the right elbow should be raised and the arm turned, as if you were lifting a glass of wine to your mouth, by which means the muscular part of the arm is presented to the shock, and, by a quick action of the fore-arm at the moment of contact, the blow is thown off, as with a fencing foil, with comparative ease—while, with a dead stop, not only the muscle of your arm may be injured, but even the bone broken, as sometimes has been the case in olden times. A little practice will show the value of attending to this suggestion; the instant you stop, with whichever arm, let go the other hand; and, in the rally which follows, bear in mind, quickness and self-possession, free from wildness and uncertainty of purpose, are of vital importance. There should be no sprawling, but a steady determined purpose in view—that of doing the most mischief in the shortest time.

OF COUNTER-HITTING.—This mode of attack is when both men determine to hit with the same hand at the same moment—and much effective are such blows when well delivered—but here again comes the value of science and quickness. A dodge or two with your head or hand forewarns your opponent of your intention, and he determines to be with you—a slight feint will perhaps draw him to lead off with precipitation; which by a slight alteration in your position, or throwing back your head, you may avoid, or, at any rate, in some measure thwart—instantly step in with the rapidity of lightning, and hit him with the straightness of a dart, when it is ten to one that you give your opponent such a stinger as for a moment stuns him—then step back, but to renew the assault, and to meet his rush with repeated jobs, still playing the game with your left, and stopping with your right, which may now and then be brought in with awkward consequences—on the nob.

OF OUT-FIGHTING.—It may so happen that you have an adversary who plays your own game. If so, you must change your tactics as circumstances require, which, being cool and collected, will enable you to do. It is impossible to offer a rule for every vicissitude. There is one point, however, of which you should be observant, and that is, that if you find your adversary a round hitter with his right hand, and there are many such—you should not attempt to stop him with your left; such men are sure to draw their arm back when about to make their favourite blow; this is sufficient notification to you, and be prepared to counteract it with a smack on the muzzle with your left as straight and as swift as an arrow. The consequences will be obvious, for not only does your blow reach him first, but it does so with double effect, from the impetus of his approach being added to the force of your hit—and thus you weaken, if not altogether defeat, his intention.

ON BODY BLOWS.—Body blows, in modern practice, are by no means approved except in a close—when they are often given with effect—and also when men, from fatigue or otherwise, get slow. When given they ought to be delivered with the full weight of your "engine." A quick and active man, however, need have no apprehension of this game; for, as to deliver a body blow, the head must come forward, you have only to let fly with precision, and meeting him half way, you not only frustrate his intention, but give him *pepper* for his ill-judged tactics. To stop a body blow, you have only to drop your right elbow close to the side with your fore-arm on the chest; but this stop should be followed by a dab from the left. Another mode of *physicking* or stopping these visits to the *bread-basket* is to step a few inches back as you see it coming—the head of your adversary will to a certainty follow his fist, and if you are quick, as you ought to be, if your *nob* be properly screwed on, you will give an *upper-cut* that will at once deter him from a repetition of the experiment.

OF IN-FIGHTING.—After a rally, the chances are, unless you drop your antagonist by a well-planted hit, that he closes to prevent a continuance of your favours. He will have one of two objects in view—to seize you with one hand and fib with the other, or to get you in such a position as to give you a fall. This is easier fancied than done, and while he is trying to grasp you with one hand, and trying to hit with the other, keep both your arms disengaged and hit away with your short-armed hits, till wrestling becomes inevitable—when, if, as you ought, you know anything of the use of your legs, you will give him a crook, and with a proper cant, a good back-fall, to which, if you can add your own weight, it will be less agreeable. Frequently in these trials your man breaks away; if he does follow him up instanter, do not give him a moment for deliberation, and cut away till the round is finished, either by another close and fall, or by your adversary getting down to avoid—which, if no good is to be got by the struggle, and especially with a stronger and heavier man or a better wrestler, is good policy.

OF THE "SUIT IN CHANCERY."—If by chance you are lucky enough to get your left or right hand over your adversary's neck in struggling with his head under your arm, while his arm is likewise round your waist, do not fail with the other hand to give him an upper-cut, and if you can secure his desengaged arm by crooking your own arm which is over his neck, under it, the punishment will be awful. If you happen yourself to get in this position, the best way is to shift your outside hand up to his face, and hold his head back, which renders him as powerless as a twitch would a vicious horse; or with the other hand seize the wrist or arm with which he would punish you; whenever you have a hand disengaged, however, do not fail to use it.

OF THE CROSS-BUTTOCK.—This is the most fatal of all falls, and has on many occasions decided the issue of a battle, even when it has been "a guinea to a shilling" against the party who gave it. It is rare to get your man in such a position as to manage it effectually, and it generally occurs in the close in finishing the round; when your sides come together, you must manage to get your arm firmly over your adversary's neck, grasping his loose arm with the other hand—then shifting yourself in his front, get his crutch upon your hip or buttock, give him a cant over your shoulder—if well done, his heels will go in the air, he goes over with tremendous violence, and you fall upon his abdomen The chances are that he is either rendered insensible, or is so shaken by the double concussion that he loses all power of resisting your future attacks, which must be followed up without delay, so that he shall not have time to recover his wind or self-possession. If you find you have not strength sufficient to throw your man over your shoulder, half raise him, and when you get him a sufficient hight swing him right round upon his back, and fall upon him, but this is not so conclusive in its consequences as the former. Should you be in danger of being "served the same sauce," you must plant the knee next him in his ham, and throw all your weight backward—attempting to pull him over in that direction.

We might amplify these "hints" to an indefinite extent, but that we think practice is superior to theory, and must, therefore, repeat, that he who would excel must seek experience as his best guide.

### A Jocular Truth.

A highwayman, named Bolland, confined in Newgate, sent to know how he could defer his trial, and was answered, "by getting an apothecary to make affidavit of his illness" This was accordingly done, in the following manner: "The deponent verily believes that if the said James Bolland is obliged to take his trial at the ensuing session, he will be in imminent danger of his life." To which the learned judge on the bench, answered, "that he verily believed so too."

## THE RING.

LONGMORE AND MASON.—These Staffordshire, men whose fight was prevented from coming off by the authorities on the 18th inst., were to have met at the house of a sportsman in Birminghmam, in order to arrange a day of fighting; but owing to some misunderstanding, no one on the part of Longmore was present. Longmore's backers have waited upon our correspondent in Birmingham, and stated their wish that the fight should come off, and they will attend the party named in Birmingham at twelve o'clock, on Monday (to-morrow,) to arrange matters. If no arrangement is come to, Longmore's friends are anxious that the fight should come off in the London districts, and for us to name a day and place.

KEEFE AND FRANKLIN.—The fifth deposit for the fight was made on Thursday night, at Mr. Beaumont's, Grapes, Albemarle-street. The sixth and last of £5 a side, is to be posted at Mr. Vassar's, Green Dragon, Half Moon-street, Bishopsgate, on Thursday next, when the toss for choice of ground is to take place.

HUDSON AND SPARROW.—The fifth deposit between these men was made on Tuesday, at Mr. Coker's, Weaver's Arms, Edward-street, Kingsland Road, when the toss for choice of weighing was won by Mr. Coker. The fight takes place on Tuesday week.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—The second deposit of £30 a side for this important match is to be made on the 18th of August, at a place to be agreed on between Jem Burn (on the part of the Slasher,) and Harry Broome.

HICKS AND UNWIN.—The second deposit of £2 10s. a side for this match was made on Tuesday last, at Mr. Scoone's, Salisbury Arms, Eastfield Street, Limehouse. The third is to be made on Tuesday next at Mr. Hows's, Mulbery Tree.

Sims and Parker made a further deposit of £2 a side, at Mr. Beaumont's, Grapes, Albemarle-street, on Tuesday last. The sixth deposit of £2 a side is to be made at Mr. Myers's, Old King John, Hollywell-lane, on Tuesday next.

SAYERS AND LANGHAM.—The next deposit of 10 a side, betweed Tom Sayers and Nat Langham, is to be made on Tuesday evening next, at Mr. Jackson's, King's Head, King-street, Mews, Park-lane.

SLACK AND MACE.—We have received a further deposit of 30s. a side for this match, made on Monday, at the Old Crown, St. Martin's, Norwich. The final deposit of £3 a side is to be made at Mr. Cubitt's, Two Brewers, to-morrow.

TRAINER AND BOWERS.—These men were matched at Mr. Lockwood's, White Lion, Drury-lane, on Thursday last, for £25 a side, at 8st. 2lb. They meet at the same house on Thursday next, to draw articles.

Dan Collins will be in London to-morrow, at Mr. Sullivan's, Adam and Eve, Bermondsey-street, Borough, and will be prepared to make a match with any 10st. man for £25 a side.—*Bell's Life, July* 31.

Edward Hall (Ben Caunt's Big-un) has started for Crowle, Lincolnshire, where he intends taking a benefit on Tuesday week next, when he will be prepared to make a match with any comer at catch weight for 50*l.* a side. Should any offer in the mean time, they can forward articles and a deposit to Caunt's, which will be immediately attended to.

Dan McNulty wishes to have another trial with his late opponent, Hawkes of Birmingham, for £50 a side, at 8st. 12lb., and if Hawkes will send £5 to our office, and the articles to Mr. Chandler, Prince and Princess, Gravel-lane, Southwark, a match will be made. If this is not accepted by Hawkes, McNulty will fight any man in England on the same terms.

Mr. Mann, of the Lord Nelson, Clement's Inn Passage, has a novice, weight 11st. whom he will back for £25 a side, against any man in the world of the same weight, who never fought in the P.R. for more than that sum. Man and money ready at the above house.

Barry, in answer to Bos Tyler, states that if Tyler will call at our office on Friday next, and sign articles that he will leave, and will deposit £5, a match can be made for not less than £50 a side, at 9st. 2lb., or 8st. 4lb., which ever Tyler fancies, to come off in ten weeks from Tuesday next.

Jack Orr will fight Tom O'Neil for any sum, from £5 up to £50, and if he does not accept it, will fight any other man in Scotland at 9st. 4lb. Man and money ready to-morrow evening, between eight and ten o'clock, at Mr. John Goldie's, Zebra Tavern, High-street, Glasgow.

Henry Baylis of Walsall, will fight Posh Price, or Samuel Miller, at 9st. 10lb., for £25 a side, or any other man in Staffordshire at the same weight. Man and money ready at Mr. G. Holden's, Crown and Malt Shovel, New-street, Walsall.

Cook, of Bayswater, attended at Swift's, according to Snowball's challenge, but that individual was unprepared with money. Cook says if he really means business he can leave a deposit in our hands, which will be covered.

Simon Finighty will fight Allen, who defeated Hurley, at 6st. 12lb. or 7st., for £10 or £20 a side. His money will be ready on Tuesday evening at Mr. Beaumont's, the Grapes, Albemarle-street, Clerkenwell.

Young Cooper will fight Dooney Harris, or Madden's novice, at 8st. 6lb., or Thacker, of Somerstown, at catch weight, for £10 a side. A match can be made on Tuesday evening next, at Mr. Terry's, the Cheshire Cheese, Milford Lane, Strand.

BRUNT AND SKERRATT.—Brunt says he will meet Skerratt any day he chooses to name, and will stake £30 to £20, to be added to stakes down, and will then agree to a time for the fight to be renewed.

Joe Long and William Jones (both of Salford) are matched to fight for the sum of £5 a side, on August 22.

## THE TURF.

### GOODWOOD RACES.

**England.**

*First Day—Tuesday, July* 26.

The Craven Stakes which openen the ball, resulted, somewhat unexpectedly, in favour of Ireland's Eye, whose victory enabled the fielders to commence the week auspiciously, the winner, judging from his prize at starting, not having any support from the stable. He was backed, after the race, for the "Stakes," at 20 to 1, but only in small amounts. The match between Gavotte and Hybla was a hollow affair, and though each in turn was favourite in the ring, it was in reality any odds on the mare. The Selling Plate, in which Homebrewed, once first favourite for the Derby, ran to be sold for a hundred, was carried off by Farmer's Boy—a second throw in for the fielders—who found a new owner. In the second match, the Goodwood nag was again unsuccessful, Petrel, upon whom 5 to 2 was betted, winning in a canter. With the Ham Stakes—worth 2,050 to the winner—which stood next on the card, the racing took an interesting turn. A field of eight went to the post, and Andover, who came from Danebury with a high reputation, strengthened of course by the performance of Ireland's Eye, in the Craven—although not liked by the *cognoscenti*—was a great pot, nothing else being backed with any spirit, except Sortie, about whom 3 to 1 was taken; as much as 10 to 1 was laid against Alembic, who ran the latter to a head at Liverpool! The issue was not so close as was imagined from the stand, Alembic winning by nearly a length (thus reversing the Liverpool running), Sortie beating the favourite for the second money by a neck. Previous to the race, upon which the noble owner of the winner actually lost his money, Andover was backed freely for the Derby at 1,000 to 40 and 45; afterwards, 2,500 to 100 was taken about Alembic, and double those odds, we imagine, might have been had about the Danebury nag, whose defeat was another agreeable surprise for the bookmakers, Mr. Davis alone winning £1,700 upon it. The Gratwicke, which was run in a heavy shower, was one of the hollowest things ever seen, Sittingbourne jumping off with a strong lead, and without being approached until stopped at the finish, winning by a couple of lengths, the second and third prizes falling to Umbriel and Pharos. The race was productive of very little speculation, but afterwards advanced Sittingbourne to 5 to 1 for the St. Leger. The Lavant mustered the same number of starters as the Ham, Bay Celia, who, after a remarkably close race with four, was adjudged the winner by a head—a slight recompense for the stable's disappointment in the Ham. The betting on this race, like the preceding one, was almost entirely confined to the winner. Upon the 300 Sove Stakes, for four years old, it was a little more spirited, both Ilex and Sackbut—old opponents—being pretty freely supported, Greyleg likewise having friends. The race, considering the distance to be travelled, produced an exciting contest with the three, and resulted in favour of Ilex, by a length, Sackbut saving his stake by a similiar advantage over Greyleg. The nett value of the stakes run for to-day, exclusive of the forfeits in the match between Gossip and Grapeshot, amounted to £5,745.

*Second Day—Wednesday.*

Although, in point of numbers, the weakest of the meeting, the day's card, in addition to the Goodwood Stakes, included the important new two year old race—the North and South of England Biennial Stakes, and the Stewards' Cup, for each of which, as well as for the 50 sovs Plate, it will be seen the field was large, thirteen going to the post for the latter event, a dozen for the Biennial; seventeen went for the Goodwood Stakes, and no fewer than nine-and-twenty for the Stewards' Cup. The racing commenced at half-past one, with a Sweepstakes of 300 sovs each, for three year old fillies, which was won easily by the favourite, though the layers of the odds felt anything but comfortable until Frank Butler, who waited until the very last moment, showed his colours in the van. This was followed by the 50 sovs Plate, upon which, owing to most people's attention being devoted to the great event of the day, very little betting took place. Cheddar's success consequently did not prove of much benefit to the fielders, for whom better things were in store. The interval of three-quarters of an hour between this and prior to the Goodwood Stakes was busily occupied, both in the ring and weighing-room. The announcement of the starters on the telegraph was anticipated with no little anxiety, and at length the numbers appeared, when, amongst others, Little Harry, Muscovite, Father Thames, and Goorkah were discovered to be *non sunt*, Muscovite having been scratched at 20 minutes after twelve, Little Harry at half-past, and Father Thames at one o'clock; respecting Goorkah, who was backed at 12 to 1, overnight, and upon the course, to-day, there was no declaration. The later movements in the ring were noticeable for two or three changes in the positions of the favourites, the most important being the restoration of Hobby Horse, who was in great force, to the premiership, and the decline of Joe Miller, after 3,000 to 1,000 had been taken for the stable, to 9 to 2. From this price, however, he rallied towards the break up of the market, and closed at 3 to 1, takers. At one time as little as 8 to 1 was taken about Kingston, and 10 to 1 each about Trifle and Vindex, but at the finish 1,200 to 100 was offered "bar two," and taken about Kingston by his owner. Next to the two favourites, Adine was backed for decidedly most money; her opening prize was 25 to 1, which was laid to a few hundreds, when a gallant captain, acting upon the advice of his trainer, "went in," and backed her for all he could get on, commencing at 25 and finishing at 15 to 1, which as a matter of course, somewhat affected the others. Of the remainder, Ireland's Eye and Abdallah were alone fancied, but the outlay in either case was limited. The usual preliminaries having been gone through, and the preparatory canters over, the horses were paraded in Indian file, in front of the Grand Stand, and then wheeled round to the starting-post, from which, after a slight delay, caused by the eagerness of Adine—both Vindex and Retail, contrary to custom, being remarkably quite—they were discharged at twenty minutes after two, Lambton taking the lead after the first fifty yards, and to serve his stable companion (Joe Miller) cutting out the work, at a pace which, before half the distance was run, disposed of nearly two-thirds of the competitors. On his retirement, at the extreme turn, near the Gratwicke Stakes starting-post, Joe Miller assumed the lead, which he maintained until about the distance, where he was beaten, Hobby Horse, who looked well to the top of the hill, having at that point also sounded a retreat. Antigone, Trifle, Haricot, and Adine then became Joe's attendants, and so evenly balanced did their respective chances appear a quarter of a mile from home, that the partisans of each looked confidently upon the result. The backers of Joe Miller and Haricot, however, were soon relieved from their anxiety, and half-way up the distance the Goodwood mare was in trouble. The race, left to Trifle and Adine, was never in doubt, though for a moment there was a cry of "Trifle wins"—opposite the stand Flatman called upon his mare, who, being full of running, quitted Trifle without an effort, and won easily by a couple of lengths, amidst the shouts of the fielders, the majority of whom, never having written the name of Adine in their "volumes," are of course on the right side, Mr. Davis throwing in for upwards of 8,000*l.* Messrs. Greville and Payne have also won largely, the latter gentleman, besides backing the mare, having made a book, and laid heavily against the others. Captain Scott, the lucky speculator already referred to, landed close upon 15,000*l.*, and immediately after the race made Flatman a present of a "monkey." The gentlemen, generally, who were chiefly on Hobby Horse, are of course, losers; the Joe Miller party must also have dropped their money, though, in both instances, the betting afforded excellent opportunity for hedging, except to those who got on at short prices. The confidence expressed by Mr. Parr, beforehand, of repeating his success of last year, was not quite realised, though Trifle ran a much better horse than was anticipated; after his performance to-day, it seems perfectly unaccountable how, with 5st 12lb on his back, he lost the Chester Cup. He broke down badly in his off fore leg, at the distance, and also, we believe, ruptured a blood vessel in the head during the race.

*Third Day—Thursday.*

THE CUP DAY.

Copious as was the attendance on Wednesday, that on the Cup Day—which here, as everywhere else, is always *the* day of the meeting—far exceeded it, and not only so, but was larger than any array were collect in previous years on this far-famed race course. The Goodwood Cup, the field for which—minus Pelion, who was scratched for all his Goodwood engagements at seven minutes before 12, to-day—was larger than had been expected, being increased by a couple of wretches—Massa Mungo and Now or Never—whose exploits hitherto, we believe, have been confined to the hunting field. We should state here that at one time Muscovite was backed at evens against the field, the latter, however, always having the call. Jouvence opened at 5 to 1, which was taken, to several hundred pounds, but towards the close, double those odds were obtainable; the outlay upon Peggy, who was backed for more money than anything else at the finish, also affected Muscovite, who left off as 7 to 4. Of the remainder, Kingston alone was in any demand, liberal odds being offered against Hervine, who, it was feared by her party, would not get through the heavy ground. A single glance at the other "foreigner," the German horse, Zephyr—a great, powerful, bad-tempered brute—who has been for some time in training at Epsom, was sufficient to form a correct estimate of his chance. The start, which was well managed, after a slight failure, caused by Lambton breaking away before the signal was given, took place within a few minutes of the appointed time (two o'clock). Dagobert made nearly all the running until within a mile and a quarter of home, when Hervine showed in advance, and came on with a clear lead to the distance. Jouvence then drew forward, caught Hervine below the stand, and won in gallant style by two lengths, Kingston finishing twice as far from Hervine, and the favourite obtaining a bad fourth place; Peggy, who never showed in a forward position at any part of the race, ran home sixth. Ambrose was beaten early. Though the Goodwood Cup went to France in 1840, when Beggarman won it for the late Duke of Orleans, the present is the maiden triumph of a foreign horse, and, after all, it seems absurd to consider Jouvence as such, seeing that she is got by Sting out of Currency (bred by the late Duke of Grafton), and has been trained in England, since last November, by Sherwood, at Epsom. Messrs. Lupin and Aumont are two of the chief supporters of the French Turf, and it is not a little singular, so often as they are in the habit of running first and second in their own country, that they should do the same on their first meeting upon English ground. Mons. Lupin, who was present to witness the success of Jouvence, is reported to have won about £5,000 in bets, for himself and friends. The "gentlemen" are again "out," but most of the ring are winners, the Leviathan, however, being an exception, Jouvence being about the worst horse in his book. The result of the race was made known at the Jockey Club in Paris, the same evening, by submarine telegraph. The second heat of the Second Bentinck Memorial Stakes having been walked over for by Sittingbourne, the third or last heat of the first series was contested by Poodle, Daniel O'Rourke, Harbinger, and Hobbie Noble, 5 to 4 being laid on the Derby winner of last year, who, as well as Hobbie Noble, cut a shocking bad figure, the issue, reduced to a match between Poodle and Harbinger, coming off in favour of the former by a couple of lengths. The 50 Sovs Sweepstakes, which followed, looked a certainty for Catherine Hayes, but resulted in one of those extraordinary surprises which so frequently occur in the running of Lord Exeter's horses. 6 to 4 was betted on the winner of the Oaks, who, unable to move in the heavy ground, suffered defeat by Cobnut. The latter's victory, looking at his running an hour or two before with Cineas, and on the previous day with Eulogist and Vanderdecken, was little dreamt of by anybody except the gallant captain, who "threw in" for so large a stake on the "Stakes," and on this occasion took 2,000 to 100 about Cobnut, in addition to a bet of 1,000 to 100, the layer of which in "giving him a loser" actually selected Cobnut! The Molecomb fell an easy victory to Andover, between whom and Strutaway the betting was rather spirited; the latter was in trouble a long way from home. Out of the 62 nominations for the Duke of Richmond's Plate, 18 went to the post, Inder and Lady Margaret being great pots. The race, however, lay between a couple of outsiders, the Black Swan and Corybantes, and after a close struggle, was awarded to the former by a neck. Sortie won the 200 Sovs Sweepstakes for fillies in a canter; the Anglesey Plate produced a capital race between Agis and Lady Isabel, and Ludwig ran away from Telegraph in the Sussex Stakes, with which this long day's sport was brought to a conclusion, the majority of the company, from a belief that Autocrat would walk over for it, having taken their departure prior to the last event. The nett value of the stakes run for to-day, exclusive of the forfeit in Torment and Dove's match, amounted to £5,080.

FRIDAY.—The meeting was brought to a conclusion with a remarkably good day's sport. The racing began with a sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, for four year olds, which was won by Adine, the next event, the Rous Biennial Stakes, being carried off by Boiardo, half brother to Longbow, one of John Scott's Derby lot, who afterwards found backers, at 25 to 1, for the Epsom race. A dozen went to the post for the Chesterfield Cup (for which King Pepin, Greyleg, and Nerva were struck out at one o'clock,) and, as usual, there were several "pots," viz., Catspaw, Snowdon, Dunhill, Nabob, Jouvence, and Hunca Munca—the first named, however, having the lion's share of support. The issue was a close one between Catspaw and Nabob, and resulted after a fine race in favor of the latter, who fully recompensed his party for their disappointment, in the Steward's Cup, on Wednesday. Jouvence looked so well half way up the distance as to lead to the belief that this prize would also fall into the clutches of the foreigners, who, we believe, dropped a considerable portion of their Cup winnings. Mayfair won the Nassau Stakes cleverly, and the Nursery was carried off by Vixen, a descendant of the Tartar, who essayed in vain to "bring off a good thing," on more than one occasion during his career on the Turf. The winner, getting a good start, won all the way, but the struggle between the next half dozen was remarkably close, the favorite, as in the Chesterfield Cups, obtaining second honors. The fielders lost on both races, the winner of each having been backed for almost as much money as the first favorite. Torment, with 5 to 2 on her, won the Queen's Plate in a canter—Ilex on this occasion beating Sackbut by a much greater distance than when they met over the same course on Tuesday.

After a dead heat for the Cowdray Stakes between Anteverta and Dear Me, the latter afterwards walking over, the sport was brought to a conclusion with the March Stakes, won by Leybourne. Though generally very fortunate on their own ground, the Goodwood stable this year, it will be seen, was singularly unlucky, the only races won by them being one or two matches o trifling value.

## YACHTING.

### Royal St. George's Yacht Club Regatta, Dublin Bay.

The officers and members of the Royal St. George's Yacht Club have good reason to congratulate themselves upon their most successful regatta of 1853. We have never before witnessed a larger fleet of Yachts in Kingstown Harbor, over one hundred sail of the red, white, and blue squadrons, displaying their bunting in its waters, but to give their names would occupy more of our space than the crowded state of our columns will admit of. On Saturday evening it blew a heavy gale at S. and S. W., with rain, and fears were entertained for the safety of many clippers who were known to have been on the passage. The gallant little Imp, of 10 tons, Capt. H. H. O'Bryen, was out during the whole fury of the storm, but proved herself a wonderful little vessel. We hear, however, that Capt. O'Bryen re-

*Continued on 4th page.*

# SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

## HOME MATTERS.

### IMPORTANT NOTICE.

TO THE PATRONS OF THE CLIPPER.

**Tom Spring, Tom Cribb and Molyneau.**

At the solicitation of many of our readers we have made arrangements to commence in next week's Clipper the publication of the great battles fought by Spring, Cribb, Molyneau, Deaf Burke, Bendigo, Freeman, the American Giant, &c., &c. We believe the full particulars of these battles have never been published in this country, and our readers will now have the opportunity of procuring them in a cheap form. The increase in the demand for our paper should induce agents to supply themselves at an early hour, as it is impossible for us to keep the types standing for any length of time.

The fights taking place in England at the present time will also be duly chronicled. Price of the Clipper 3 cents.

### Fights to come off.

Morrissy and Sullivan in November.

Greely and Bennett—day not named.

Williamson, of the Dispatch, and Smith, of the Courier—day not named.

Concklin, owner of Mac, and Dumboldton. * * * *

Dusolle, of the Philadelphia Dispatch, and Ropes, of the Atlas.

### CHALLENGE.

New York, Monday, June 22d, 1853.

*To the Editor of the Clipper.*

SIR,—Having heard that Mr James McKee, from whom I have previously received a forfeit of $10, is anxious to fight me for a small sum of money, I would be very glad to accommodate them for $100 or $250 in a fair stand-up fight, three months from the time of making the first deposit. I hope that he will come up to tae scratch, if he means fighting, and not chaffing. My money is ready at Mr. I. Lazarus, No 4 James's-street, Falstaff House, any time this week or next, or at eight o'clock on Saturday evening next, at the above named house.

Yours,

SAMUEL M. HEARN.

### Sullivan and Morrissy

PUTTING UP THE STAKES.

According to previous arrangement, Thursday next, September 1st, is the time appointed for the deposit of the stakes in the contemplated match between Morrissy and Sullivan. The parties are to meet at the house of Mr. Fay's, corner of Whitehall and Bridge-streets. We shall give our readers the result as soon as we can obtain the particulars.

### Pedestrianism.

James Winterfield, *alias* the German Stag, is anxious to walk any man in the United States five or seven miles, for from 200 to 500 dollars a side. Man and money ready at Izzy Lazarus's, Falstaff House, 4 James's-street, or at Mr. Wm. Magee's, (the Washington) 167 Bowery, any night this week or next.

### The Great Cricket Match.

CANADA *versus* UNITED STATES.

This great match commences on Wednesday, the 24th instant, and will be concluded on the following day, at which time our paper is issued. The Canadians have taken up their quarters at the Astor House. The spot selected for the play is the grounds of the St. George's Club, at the Red House, Harlem. We will give a full account of this exciting match in our next.

### The Target Shooting Season.

OPENING OF THE FALL CAMPAIGN.

The coming season promises to be one of unusual life and activity among the sharpshooters, and some admirable shooting may be expected.

We understand the "Forty Acre Guard" of Brooklyn, cantemplate making an excursion to Mount Morris on the 5th of September. This company is composed of a fine body of young men, embracing upwards of one hundred muskets, and from their previous turn-out, we have no doubt they will compare favorably with any Company in the city for soldierly appearance and military execution.

The following is a list of the officers:

Michael Cardiff, Cap., Thomas Armstrong, 2d Lieut., John Mealey, 3rd Lieut., James McClusky, 4th Lieut., Henry Johnson, 5th Lieut., John Mulligan, 6th Lieut., Thomas Swift, 7th Lieut., Patrick Murray, 8th Lieut. James Day, Orderly Sergeant.

We have received a polite invitation to participate in the pleasures of the excursion, and if possible we shall avail ourselves of it. It is our desire to make the Clpiper useful and interesting to turget companies for this season. We shall be happy to receive reports of all excursions taking place.

### The Carland Guards.

This fine company left here on Monday last for Greenport, where they intend "camping out." The company mustered about 35 muskets. A fine brass band accompanied them, which will add to the pleasure of the excursion. They will return on Monday next.

*Excursions.*—Several companies went on excursions during the present week, for target practice. We would feel obliged to some of the members for correct reports of the shooting, &c.

### Mc Queen Guards.

The third annual excursion of the Mc Queen Guards will take place on Monday, the 12th of September.

We are indebted to the gentlemen composing the company, for an invitation to accompany them on their contemplated excursion, and, should our engagements permit, will be happy to take part in the pleasures of the day.

Keep the ball moving—give us all the items of interest concerning our target companies, and we will be extremely gratified in placing them before the public in the columns of the CLIPPER. We want full and accurate accounts of the shooting, for it is by this means our young men are urged to gain a notoriety in the use of the musket and rifle, which may, perhaps, lead to deeds of valor should our country once more become involved in the conflicts and strife of battle.

## THE TURF.

**Red House Pleasure Ground, Harlem.**

Trotting match for $100, Monday, Aug. 22, 1853, two miles in harness:

R. Martin's r. m. Betsey. . . . . 1
Owner's bm. g. Juba. . . . . 2
Time: 5:43

**Trotting at San Francisco, Cal. Pioneer Course.**

Sunday, July 3, 1853. Sweepstakes of $250 each, with $250 added, for all trotting and pacing horses in California, mile heats, best three in five, in harness:

C. Lux's b. h. Dominick Burnett. . . 3 1 1 1
Mr. Crook's b. g. New York . . . 1 2 2 2
Mr. Stark's b. g. Creeper. . . . . 2 3 3 3
Time: 2:43—2:39—2:41½—2:41.

### The quickest Foot Race on Record.

FROST AND LEVETT.

In our late account of the victory of Jackson over Frost, the Champion, mention was made of the great race between Frost and Levett, in which the time made was the quickest on record. We have procured a copy of that race, and place it before our readers.

THE RACE.

They went off at a pretty smart, but by no means a killing pace—Levett giving the lead to Frost, and the connoisseurs now had an opportunity of judging of the respective styles of the men. The long stride of Frost, as he skimmed along the ground, gave fresh confidence to his friends, and the admirers of Levett felt equally confident by his compact, light and easy style, with his head on one side in a knowing manner. The only fault that can be found with Frost is that he appears to lean too forward. At the same good and steady pace, Frost went on with the lead, and although we cannot give the accurate time of the first mile, on account of the odd yards at starting, still we shall be near the mark when we say, that it was completed a few seconds under five minutes. Both having warmed to their work, the pace became faster, Frost still with a lead of a couple of yards, which he increased at one time to 10 yards. But no further change took place till the last lap of the third mile, when the Battersea hero forced the running, put on a spurt, and passed his opponent amid the deafening din from thousands of throats, and to the great joy of his friends. With unabated speed Levett went on with the lead, but it was found that it was no easy matter to shake off the Suffolk Stag, who appeared determined on a desperate struggle before he would give up his hard-earned title of "Champion." Thousands who were present never before had the least idea of the powers, capabilities, and endurance of our trained pedestrians, and one continued and long shout from the densely packed mass on each side of the path, greeted them all the way round, and cheered them on in their almost superhuman exertions for victory. Round succeeded round, and the pace still became faster, a few seconds over the five minutes only being occupied in each succeeding mile. Levett still kept the lead, and in the first lap of the sixth mile had increased his advantage to full thirty yards. Frost, cheered on by his friends, dashed after his man most gallantly, decreased the distance in the next lap, and in going up the back stretch, came alongside of Levett, and, in coming into the straight run in, again took the lead amidst vehement cheering. The sixth mile was done in about 5min. 36sec., but on the commencement of the seventh, the struggle now began in earnest. Frost tried hard to leave his antagonist, and although during this mile Levett was rather queer, he shook off his distress, and, to use the words of many present, stuck to him like a leech. The pace of the seventh mile may be best judged by stating that it was completed in twelve seconds less time than the preceding one. During the eighth mile, which was completed about the same time as the former, a feeling of the most intense excitement was displayed; and the interest was increased in the ninth mile, as the pace, fast as it was, became still more so as the termination of the race approaced. No conception can be formed by those who were not present at the exciting scene whic was now presented.

Frost, at the completion of the ninth mile, was still in front by about three yards, and as they dashed along for the first lap in the last mile the anxiety to witness the final rush was immense, and it required the utmost exertion of the parties appointed for the purpose to keep the path clear, which was thickly crowded on both sides all the way round. On they went with unabated vigor, now close together, now almost side by side, Frost determined to do or die in his attempt to maintain the 'pride of place.' The thousands were electrified at the speed maintained, and could scarcely credit that each succeeding round was run in less time than the former. In coming into the straight running the second time in the last mile Frost was still in front, when both men were informed by a thousand voices that they had arrived at the last lap of their journey; and now commenced the final struggle for victory. Both dashed off at a rate as if they were only going to run a sprint race of 200 yards, and the cheers of the immense multitude were almost deafening. Frost kept the first place to the commencement of the back stretch, when Levett collared him, and it was side by side for a few yards. Levett began gradually to draw away from his man, but Frost, with unyielding courage, most gallantly redoubled his exertions to keep with him. At the end of the stretch, Levett was fifteen yards in advance, and the pace almost wonderful, especially when the distance the men had run is considered. Frost now made his last and final effort, and in coming round at the top of the ground into the straight run in, got within a yard and a half of Levett, to the astonishment of all—but here the race was over. His bolt was shot; the proud distinction of "Champion" was wrested from him, and within forty yards of home he stopped — defeated, but not disgraced, and Levett was hailed the victor by the deafening shouts of his partisans. The match, as had been anticipated, was only won by the turn of speed on the part of Levett, and proved to be the fastest, best conducted, and most manly contest it has ever been our lot to witness, and, as we heard many say, the only drawback was, that one of them must be beaten. When the time occupied is taken into consideration, the friends of both may well be proud of their man, the winner doing the distance in the truly unprecedented and quickest time ever known—namely, *fifty-two minutes and thirty-five seconds.* Incredible as this time may appear, however, they actually ran 250 yards over the ten miles, for in measuring the ground, it was found from having widened the path at the corners for the trotting, that the three laps were short of the mile by 12½ yards; but instead of reckoning 10 times 12½, or 125 yards, they reckoned 30 times 12½, or 375 yards. Added to which, the distance was measured within one foot of the edge, while from the immense assemblage the men had to run in the middle. Levett was a little distressed, but soon recovered: but Frost appeared none the worse for his exertions. The race over, the vast multitude quietly dispersed, all well pleased with the sport, and Levett was hailed the "Champion," and expressed his determination to maintain his claim to that title against all comers. He deserves well of his friends and admirers for the admirable tact and discretion with which he ran; nor is Frost less entitled to the support of all who admire manly sport and straightforward conduct. He even surpassed himself, and his friends acknowledged that he had even done more than they could have expected. Levett has received the "Belt," and it will be exhibited at Copenhagen House, at the twenty mile race on Monday, at which time the stakes will be given up to him.

### Foot Race.

After the trot on the Cambridge Park Course, on the 5th inst., a rather novel foot race came off by John Stetson, against time, for a purse of $400. He agreed to run around the course, harnessed to a sulkey, in 7.15, and did it in 6.45, the first half mile being accomplished in 3.47.

Another foot race took place on the 9th, between John Stetson and a man from Dover, N. H., for $50 a side. The Dover man won the race easily.

### Intense Excitement!—Contemplated Fight.

Not being able to bring the Dispatch and Courier to a satisfactory meeting, for the purpose of getting up a match between them, owing to the weakness of the Courier, we have suddenly had the good luck to bring two of our celebrated bruisers to the commencement of a match which promises to be the greatest event of the kind since the battle between Hyer and Sullivan. It is with the deepest emotions of pleasure and gratitude we announce to the public that Greeley and Bennett, after dodging about for some time, have at last began the preliminary arrangements for a fair stand off fight, to come off in the columns of the Herald and Tribune, as soon as Bennett can return from Europe, where he is now and has been for several months in training in company with Jonny Broome, the Tipton Slasher, Bendigo, Donnelly, and the most noted pugilists of the English Prize Ring. Greeley will at once go into active training under the care and instruction of Mrs. Swisholm, Abby Folsom, Mrs. Bloomer, Fred Douglass, and the notorious "plebeian theatre man," and will take his breathings at the head quarters of the New Jersey Phalanx.

The mere announcement of this match is sufficient to throw the Sullivan and Morrissey affair entirely in the shade. We are not permitted to make public all the facts connected with this important event, but are at liberty to inform our readers that the stakes will amount to a circulation of full 50,000. We hope everything will be conducted on the square, and that our fellow citizens will have at least one opportunity of a good day's enjoyment. Stand back.

### What'll you take?

The Police Gazzette of last week contains an editorial article in memory of the Lantern, in which it was said that had the Lantern confined itself to American witticisms, instead of re-vamping old Enfilish jokes, it would have been fully successful; and then comes the following:—

"The Yankees we hold to be the liveliest people on the earth, and the most ready, from their almost spontaneous establisment of a government to their *peefection of a Clipper.*"

That means us, and is a very modest and unassuming way of informing the public and ourselves of the high opinion entertained of us in our *perfection of the Clipper* We shall endeavor to deserve the compliment. That Gazzette is one of the papers, knows how to appreciate native talent. Take somethin'!"


# NEW YORK CLIPPER.

AUGUST 27, 1853.

HARRISON TRENT, Proprietor. | FRANK QUEEN, Editor.

***Wholesale Agents***

FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

**ROSS & JONES, 21 Ann Street.**
**S. HALLOCK, 150 Fulton Street.**
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☞ Either of the above Agents are prepared to supply orders for the Clipper, from city or country, in large or small quantities.


## THE SKIPPER'S CABIN.

A TALK WITH OUR FRIENDS—AT HOME AND ABROAD.

*To Flank a Little.*—During the time New York was in possession of the British, the prisoners taken by them, many of whom were raw recruits, just taken from the farm, were subjected to all sorts of treatment, and their ignorance in military affairs made them subjects of ridicule with the Red Coats. Captain Grayson of Philadelphia, who has left us amusing and instructive memoirs of sixty years of his observing life, having been among the officers and men (2000) captured at Fort Washington near New York, and held prisoners, has left us many instructive pages concerning the incidents at New York while held by the British, which ought to be read by all those who can feel any interest in such domestic historyas we have herein endeavored to preserve.

"After our capture, (says he,) we were committed, men and officers, to the custody of young and insolent officers; we were again and again taunted as 'cursed rebels,' and that we should all be hanged. Repeatedly we were paraded, and every now and then one and another of us was challenged among our *officers* as *deserters;* affecting thereby to consider their common men as good enough for our ordinary subaltern officers. Unfortunately for our pride and self-importance, among those so challenged was here and there a subject fitted to their jibes aud jeers. A little squat militia officer, from York county, with dingy clothes the worse for wear, was questioned with 'What, sir, is your rank?' when he answered in a chuff and firm tone, '*a keppun, sir;*' an answer producing an immoderate laugh among 'the haughty Britons.' There was also an unlucky militia trooper of the same school, with whom the officers were equally merry, obliging him to amble about for their entertainment on his old jade, with his odd garb and accoutrements. On being asked what were his duties, he simply answered, '*it was to flank a little and bear tidings.*"

* * * * * *

*A useful Bloomer.*—As much has been said in opposition to the claims of the Bloomers, we think it but proper that any argument in their favor should also receive the attention of mankind. A paper in some part of Ohio, says that a husband and wife in travelling through the woods, met with a melancholy accident, which is thus recorded:

"And while retreating through the woods,
And through the tangled fern,
He tore his musn't-mention-'ems,
And had to put on hern."

* * * * * *

*A Brother and Sister on the anxious Bench.*—A correspondent, who was eye witness to *some* of the circumstances, tells us the following:—A brother and sister of our church, who had been "doing those things which they ought not to have done," were brought before the church for trial. The sister, being called on for her defence, narrated the full particulars, in which her companion in sin bore a very conspicuous part. The brother was next called upon, and asked if he had anything to say in reference to the charge: The brother rose calmy, and after surveying the assembled wisdom of the church, made the following brief reply:—"I believe, brethren, *I have lived as long as any other man of my age,* and I also believe this is the first time I was ever *caught* in a dirty trick, and it shall be the last."

* * * * * *

*A literal Curiosity.*—The following is the most perfect thing of the kind ever composed. It is difficult to indite an acrostic, yet here the *whole alphabet* is brought in, and each *word* in each *line* claims its own proper initial:

SIEGE OF BELGRADE.

"An Austrian army awfully arrayed,
Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade;
Cossack commanders cannonading come,
Dealing destruction's devastating doom:
Every endeavor engineers essay,
For fame, for fortune fighting—furious fray;
Generals 'gainst generals grapple—gracious God
How honors Heaven heroic hardihood!
Infuriate—indiscriminate in ill,
Kinsmen kill kinsmen—kinsmen kindred kill!
Labor low levels loftiest, longest lines—
Men march 'mid mounds, 'mid molds, 'mid murd-'rous mines:
Now noisy noxious numbers notice nought
Of outward obstacles opposing ought:
Poor patriots, partly purchased, partly pressed,
Quite quaking, quickly quarter, quarter 'quest;
Reason returns, religious right redounds,
Suwarrow stops such sanguinary sounds;
Truce to thee, Turkey—triumph to thy train!
Unjust, unwise, unmerciful Ukraine!
Vanish vain victory, vanish victory vain!
Why wish we warfare? Wherefore welcome were
Xerxes, Ximenes, Xauthus, Xavier?
Yield! ye youths! ye yeomen yield your yield,
Zeno's, Zapater's, Zoroaster's zeal.
And all attracting arms against appeal."

* * * * * *

*The Nigger Wench and the Deacon.*—The story related by a correspondent in another part of this Department, puts us in mind of one somewhat similar:—A Deacon of the church who had been considered one of the most exemplary members, was caught in the very act of holding a *private conversation* with a nigger wench. This was outrageous; the brethren and sistern of the church were scandalised by his disgraceful conduct, and the Deacon was brought before all the members of the church, to answer for the injury done the congregation, and to receive a reprimand from the presiding elder. The church was crowded with the brethren and sistern, (for the sistern, it must not be forgotten, were deeply wronged by the conduct of the Deacon,) and during the reprimand, the culprit stood it without flinching. The elder in conclusion, said, "how could you so far forget yourself, your church and your associates in that church, as to be guilty of the heinous crime charged against you. YOUR OWN PRIVATE FEELINGS should have deterred you from such guilt."

The Deacon, on the conclusion of the Elder's lecture, innocently replied:—"Why, you see, Brother——, if I had felt *before* as I did *after*, I should never have done it."

* * * * * *

*False woman, we love thee still.*—The following parody was suggested by observing the open dresses so much worn by the fair sex during the present season:

The bosom is a fleeting *show,*
For *man's* illusion given,
And some with bosoms stuffed with tow,
That stick right out a foot or so,
Expect to get to Heaven.

* * * * * *

*A Dutch Marriage Ceremony.*—The following is supposed to be the mode of uniting "lovyers" in the land of sour-krout and herring:

You, bromish, now, you goot man dare
Vot stands upon de vloor,
To hab dish voman for your wife,
And lub her eber more?
To feed her vel mit sour crout,
Peens, puttermilk an sheese,
Ant in all dings to lent your aid
Dat will promote her ease.

Yes, ant you, voman, standing dere,
Do pledge your vord dish tay,
Dat you vill dake for your husbant
Dish man ant him opey?
Dat you vill ped and port mit him—
Vash, iron, and ment his clothes;
Laugh ven he schmiles, vip ven he sighs,
Den share his choys and voes?

Vell, den, I now, vidin dese valls,
Mit choy ant not mit krief,
Bonounce you bote to be von mint,
Von name, von man, von peef!
I pooblish now dese secret bants,
Dese matrimonial ties.
Pefore mine vife, Got, Kate ant Poll,
Ant all dese gazin' eyes.

Ant as de sacret scriptures say,
Vot Got unites togedder
Let no man dare ashunder poot—
Let no man dare to sever.
Ant you pritekroom, dare—here you shtop!
I'll not let go your gollar
Pefore you anshur me dis ding,
Dat ish—*vere ish my tollar!*"

* * * * * *

*A Short Dialogue.—Teacher*—What is wax?

*Scholar*—A soft substance.

*Teacher*—Is there any other sort of wax that is not soft?

*Scholar*—Yes, the whacks you give us when we do not know our lessons.

* * * * * *

*The sad and mornful history of the betterrin' house girl.*—The following doleful lines were written in commemoration of a most painful event, which happened many years ago. Ye who have hearts to feel, feel 'em—ye who have tears to shed, shed 'em.

As I walk-ed round the hospital garding
As I walk-ed out one day with a friend,
It's there I espied a lovely young damsel
All wrapped up in flanning, no cure to be found.
It's I walk-ed up, and spoke kindly to her
And asked her the cause of her sorrow and woge,
But the glance of her features soon told me I knew her,
Which told me I'd better prepare for to go.
She raved and she tore, till the people did stop me,
And then she cried out that she wanted me there,
With scissors in hand I thought she would crop me,
But these words she said as they fetched me a chair:
"Oh! cruel young man, come set yourself beside me,
Oh! hear what I say, and prepare for to cry.
It's first you deluded me, and its now you have ruined me,
And left me alone, to pine and to die."
I took her soft hand, and looked in her eyes-es,
And these following words I plainly did state,
"O! Sary, oh! Sary! I bleeve that you lies-es,
I never did know you—'tis all a mistake."
"It's oh! cruel John," she cried out so wildly,
You'll break this poor heart, if you talk to me so,
It's only nine months since you coaxed me so mildly,
And that was the cause of my sad overthrow."
The tears they flowed fast, for her heart it was breaking.
I smoothed the black locks on her fost droaing head.
Her eyes as they pierced me looked deathlike and glassy—
The fond one I ruined was silent—was dead.

*Moral.*

It's all you young men, what goes out a walkin,
Beware how you travel round the hospital ground,
For it's many young maidens, you cruelly deluded,
All wrapped up in flanning, might often be found.

### Personal.

The remarks of the Tribune of Saturday last, in reference to Bennett, of the Herald, are considered to be the offspring of a jealous and troubled mind. The language is such that we would not wish to disgrace the columns of the Clipper by repeating it, and savors strongly of the mock-heroic spirit of the Plebeian theatre man whom Greeley has lately allowed to become rather too intimate with him. However, we have nothing to gain by taking sides with either of the champions, though it shall be our duty to keep our readers advised of the progress of the quarrel. In the meantime, was Mac really at the Hippodrome?

## Funny Fan Department.

NO. V.

THE OLD TOPER'S GRAVE.

We all have some faint recollection of the old toper. In the cold and dreary winter we have seen him wrapping himself up closer in his tattered and scanty garments, while his chilled and frosted toes could be seen peeping out of their black and airy cells; he did not walk, he could not walk, for the debasing effects of the cup he had quaffed so often had almost made him ape the beast; despair is in his every look, and as he staggers along, caring for no one, the keen blast from the frozen north pieces his very vitals, and in the agony of his heart, in the absence of a once happy home, he again seeks the bar, to drown in the deep and damning bowl the remembrances of happy days gone by. We pass by—we merely cast a look on him, from curiosity; no lofty feelings urge us to extend a helping hand, or pluck the victim from the demon's grasp. Whose parent is he? On whose tender cheek has he in other days bestowed the "parent's fond pressure, or love's horried kiss?" Ah, selfish mortal—perhaps, while *you* are gazing upon his bloated features, with no thoughts of succor agitating *your* breast, the breaking heart of a still devoted wife has well nigh burst the bounds of its earthly tenements, in anguish for the fate of him *you now gaze upon.* Can he be *your* parent? *your* brother? *your* friend? You start—ah! were it so, how quickly would your otherwise cold and selfish heart prompt you to make at least one effort to reclaim that poor old toper from the drunkard's doom. But it is not so—

"He's only a pauper whom *nobody* owns."

In a short time, the friendless drunkard, alone, uncared for, and forgotten, like the once proud king upon his throne sleeps the sleep that knows no waking. No funeral train follows his bloated corse to the grave, no sorrow felt, no tear is shed—as he lived, has he died; and the cold charity of an unfeeling world has allotted his remains the narrow house, in the distant corner of the public burying ground. A little mound of earth, perhaps, forms *his* monument. And yet he now sleeps as well as he whose days on earth betokened no brotherly affection for his fellow of the great human family, and whose remains now lie beneath the sculptured monument in some flowery nook in Greenwood's peaceful shades. The evening of the day is at hand—twilight fades to dreary darkness—the stars twinkle in the firmament—you retrace your steps from the gloomy city of the dead to the gay and lively habitations of the living—you hear a faint voice—you listen—louder sound the enchanting strains—list, 'tis music stealing—hush, be silent as the grave—you almost distinguish the magic words—nearer, and yet nearer comes the cry—you are in a transport of delicious joy—at last these angelic words fall, full and loud upon your waking senses—"*yer's yer nice hot corn, smoking hot!*"

FUNNY FAN.

### Give him a kick—he's got no friends.

At last, after years of delay, justice is about to be satisfied. The recent accident on the Providence and Worcester Railroad has furnished a subject on which the public authorities are about to wreak their vengeance. And who is it, think you? Not the President of the company?—not one of the director?—not an accountable being attached to the company? No! It is a poor man, a brakeman, who had been *compelled* by the parsimonious directors to act as a conductor in order to save the few dollars extra expense requisite to employ a competent and experienced conductor. The wages allowed this poor man for endeavoring to perform duties for which the directors *knew* he was not fitted, amounted to the paltry sum of *thirty dollars per month!* and this is the man who will be made to suffer for the loss of life on the Providence and Worcester Railroad. The officers of the company have refused to bail him, and he has been consigned to a felon's cell to answer for a crime of which he was not actually guilty, while those who were his instigators in the murder, instigators by compelling him to undertake a task with which he was wholly unacquainted, are allowed to revel in their riches, concoct other schemes of guilt, and bid defiance to all law through the means of their well-filled purses. Ah, it is a hard case, indeed, and deeply do we sympathise with the ignorant being who is about to be offered up as an example for all future railroad corporations. We hope the conviction of this one person will not deter the authorities from arresting and bringing to trial the directors who were *accessory before the fact.* They alone should furnish an example, and they alone should suffer for the late railroad murder. Bring 'em up. Never mind their riches. Let them *luxuriate* in the horrors of a damp and dreary cell for a term of years, and then may we indeed hope to escape the assassin hand of the murderers on the railroad.

### A Strong Minded Woman.

Our friends of the Sunday Courier said the following, last Sabbath:

PEACHES.—Peaches are now in all their ripeness and glory. People eat enormous quantities of them. We saw a woman, yesterday morning, take down a whole basket of them—from the top of an omnibus.

Yes—but the Courier forgot to add that the driver helped her.

### The Revolution.

A complete revolution has taken place in the manufacture of hats since the beautiful idea was first conceived of placing in the interior of hats daguerreotype likenesses of purchasers. Messrs. Rafferty & Leask, of 57 Chatham street, and corner of Chatham and Pearl, whose ingenuity first discovered this superior mode of beautifying and rendering more useful the hat, have been more than recompensed for their outlay in perfecting their invention by the great increase to their already extensive business, and the favor with which their hats with the daguerrean improvement are received. No other hatters have the privilege of using the invention as applied to hats by Messrs. Rafferty & Leask, those gentlemen having secured themselves from all encroachments by an application for a patent, which at once protects them from the imitations of others. Whosoever desires a good fitting hat, composed of the best of materials, will do well to call at the stores above mentioned.

### Will there be war.

By the arrival of every steamer we receive conflicting accounts of the probability of a great European war. In the absence of official documents it is extremely difficult to hazard an opinion as to the momentous question, will there be war? Should, unfortunately, grim-visaged war once more spread its devastating effects upon the soil now occupied by those in the enjoyment of peace and plenty, what will be the effect upon us? Articles of importation must rise in value on this side of the Atlantic. In this view of the case, the far-seeing penetration of Mr. Hiram Anderson, the extensive carpet dealer of No. 99 Bowery, warranted him, through his European agents in making extensive purchases of the most beautiful and durable patterns of carpetings, and other articles in that line, to be found in the old world. These goods are constantly arriving, and as the fall sales will soon commence, we advise those who desire rich and rare goods to lose no time in calling at the store above named and selecting such as may suit their fancy.

### What shall we do?

We are in a quandary. The tremendous increase in our circulation has rendered it a matter of impossibility to issue our paper at an early hour of the morning, so as to supply all our customers at the same time. What can we do? We were cogitating the matter over in our mind the other day, when the following letter was brought to us with the announcement that it contained matters of great importance. Breaking the seal, we perused the following.

*Boston, Aug.* 20, 53.

*Dear Clipper!* Learning the difficulty you have been laboring under to procure impressions of your paper in order to supply all your subscribers, I think I may safely say that I have a plan which will accomplish all your desires. I have perfected an invention by which I propose to take an impression of your form in putty, and after the putty has sufficiently hardened, I then propose to take another impression, from the putty, by means of melted lead and zinc, and thus you will perceive, the thing will be complete, with the exception of fastening the lead impression on to a firm wooden plat-form, which can be done with but very little delay. There need be no waste whatever—the putty can be softened again, and used the next day, the lead and zinc can also be brought into use likewise. This you will perceive will prevent your type from wearing in the least degree; we can take 10 impressions of each form so that you can be working off 10 impressions where now you take but one. See? Don't it strike you what a revolution it will create in printing, and that exclusively in connection with the *New York Clipper?* Send a column of types on by the next mail, and we'll return you duplicates by return mail. See how nice it will work? No trouble—no annoyance. Answer quickly, for if you don't secure the invention right off, *there are hundreds of others waiting to offer me proposals.*

Yours, in a h——ll of a hurry,

HEZEKIAH TITMARSH.

The only drawback we see to the above invention is the probability of a rise in the price of putty, in which event the expense incurred would be greater than the benefits derived. We will think over the matter, however, satisfied that the genius of our go-ahead fellow-citizens will devise some plan by which the *Clipper* may be perused by all classes of the community the day before it is actually issued. We shall see. In the mean time, our readers must have patience—we will do the best we can with our eight cylinder presses to supply the demand. Who knows?

### Post Office Reform.

Daniel E. Sickles, Secretary of U. S. Legation to London, sailed on Saturday last. The important services rendered by him in reforming the abuses of the "Broadway Post Office Robbery," will guarantee a *speedy delivery* of the U. S. letters on the arrival of each mail at London. Virtue and honor never go unrewarded.

### John Smith.

"One of the few immortal names that were not born to die!"

# AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRICAL.

## Bowery Theatre.

During the present week large audiences have attended this favorite establishment, and the drolleries of Burke have "kept the house in roar." Next week Mr. Eddy will appear in some of his favorite characters. Mrs. Parker will also make her reappearance. Such favorites cannot fail of contributing to fill the treasury.

Mrs Farran, the celebrated actress, we learn, will play a short engagement at the Bowery during the early part of September.

## Broadway Theatre.

Silsbee is still the attraction here, and in consequence of the lectures he received from the press he does not indulge to such an extent in the use of improper expressions as he did formerly. The houses have been middling.

## Burton's Theatre.

The excellent stock company attached to this theatre, together with a portion of the members of the Tong-hook-tong Dramatic company, have afforded sufficient attraction to fill the house nightly.

## The National.

Uncle Tom's Cabin is still presented at this place, and the manager has been induced by the request of his friends, the clergy, to keep it on the stage. Purdy has got so thick with the religious community, tha the is in receipt of letters puffing up the theatre. The following was received from a clergyman on Saturday.

"The theatre *might* be made a powerful agency for the inculcation of virtuous and noble sentiments, and I hail the appearance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" upon your stage as the opening of a new era in the history of the drama in New York. Christianity is the foundation of all my hopes for the purification and happiness of the world * * * There is no necessity that the Stage should be low and vulgar, any more than that the Pulpit or Press should inculcate false and spurious morality. *I hope all may go and see the piece and thus encourage the efforts to make our theatres more worthy of the patronage of refined and Christian people.*"

The brother wants *all* to visit the National. The following will give an idea of the company attending there during the patronage of the clergymen. We copy from Tuesday's Sun.

ARREST FOR GRAND LARCENY.—Thomas C. Currier of Searseport, Me., Captain of the Schooner Ranger, lying at the foot of 17th street, was robbed on Saturday night *at a house of ill fame*, of $72, *whither he had accompanied two females from the* NATIONAL THEATRE. One of the females was yesterday arrested, and locked up by Justice Bogart to await an examination.

Put that and that together. No wonder the clergymen like to visit the National. And this is the theatre our religious community are endeavouring to encourage. And this is the theatre where Mr. Purdy announced *no improper person would be admitted during the representation of Uncle Tom.* Perhaps the two females who robbed the Captain at a *house of ill fame* are not considered improper characters. Who will bail the girls to have the matter hushed up? We want to know. We also want to know whether the clergymen would wish their daughters to visit a theatre where these frail sisters congregate, and if not, why do they advise the daughters of other classes of our community to go to the National. Come out with it—no hypocrisy, but show your true colors, and let the public know that there is something else besides the moral (?) drama of Uncle Tom that draws you there. It is a good excuse, however, and we would advise the manager, to open on Sunday evenings, and engage one of these sanctimonious hypocrits to deliver a sermon. It would draw well—better than at the church, and would give the frail sisters a fine opportunity to ply their arts to some advantage. Is it a bargain! For the *good of the community*, we hope our advice may be acted upon. Let's have a Sabbath evening sermon on the beanties of abolitionism, and the fruits of amalgamation. Hurrah for the nigger drama and the clergy.

## The Family Quarrel.

There was quite a little flare up at a public house in Chambersstreet one day last week between Mr. W. J. Florence and Barney Williams, the Irish comedian. Mr. Florence, it seems, came off second best, though the conduct of Mr. Williams does not place *him* in a very enviable position in the eyes of the public. The quarrel, it seems, originated from Mr. Florence, during his recent engagement in Philadelphia, performing, or rather *attempting to perform* some of the pieces belonging exclusively to Mr. Williams. On the parties meeting in this city, words ensued, and during the controversy Mr. Williams disgraced his calling by enforcing his argument with the assistance of a heavy blow on the head of Mr. Florence. In this, Mr. Williams erred, for a word and a blow is not always considered a mark of gentility and good breeding, and a proper regard for the feelings of the "ladies in the case," should have alone prevented him from resorting to the "Hyar law." If Mr. Florence, on the other side, knew it was against the wishes of Mr. Williams for him to make use of his individual property by performing these pieces, it showed a breach of honor, for which there can be no excuse, and if he wishes to advance in the profession, it would be well for him to guard well his actions, let no improper means be used to ascend the ladder, let him "act well his part" in *private* as well as *public* life, and though years must elapse before he can attain to the present position of Mr. Williams, in the profession, he will discover in the end, that "time works wonders."

The wives of the above named gentlemen are sisters, and it is to be regretted that this difficulty should have taken place, inasmuch as it places those estimable ladies in a very delicate position, from which nothing but the reconciliation of their two hot-tempered husbands can relieve them. So mote it be.

*Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia.*—This establishment opened for the season on Saturday last, to a house crowded to its utmost exent. Messrs. Wheatley and Drew are the managers; and from the care bestowed in the selection of their company, the Arch in their hands promises to be amply remunerative.

*The Walnut Street Theatre, Phila.*, will open on Monday evening next. John Sefton is to be stage manager.

*La Sonnambula.*—The Ledger in a notice of the burlesque of La Sonnambula, at Sanford's Opera House, in Philadelphia, says the opera was performed to a crowded audience, and *such* ROARS *of laughter we never* WITNESSED *before.* That's what we call a first rate notice.

## Theatrical Squibs.

Mr. E. S Conner, having taken a lease of the Green-street Theatre, Albany, for five years, will open it for the Fall season on the 5th of September.

Mr. Neafie, one of the most popular actors of the day, leaves the city during the coming week, to fulfil an engagement at Field's Varieties, St. Louis. He has recently received (we are informed) flattering inducements to visit California, but we believe he has not yet fully determined whether to accept or reject them.

The Campbell Minstrels have been playing at Rochester and Buffalo during the past week, with marked success, assisted by E. Horne and W. Newcomb, late of Wood's Minstrels.

The friends of Mr. Forrest in Philadelphia, are about to have a full length portrait of him executed for preservation in the Academy of Fine Arts in that city. He is to be represented in the character of Jack Cade. The work will cost $1,000.

Mr. Enoch Powers, nephew of the great sculptor, recently appeared at the National Theatre, Cincinnati, in the character of Othello. The papers speak of it as quite successful. Henry Chapman is performing at the same theatre.

Mrs. Beissenberg is announced in the Detroit papers as playing in that city, and as the only rival of the great Celeste.

Mrs. Warner has been compelled to relinquish an engagement in Edinburgh, as she is laboring under severe indisposition.

The German Musical papers contradict the report that *Mme. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt* will perform in the opera of her husband, as the lady is stated to be etc., etc., etc.

Mr. G. V. Brooke played his first engagement since his return from America, at Birmingham, where he performed nightly to crowded houses.

Miss Julia St. George, a great favorite of the Lyceum, is performing at the Prince's Theatre, Glasgow, in *The Prince of Happy Land*, a part which she sustained during Mme. Vestris's illness with great praise.

Mrs. E. Stirling is performing at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, where she is an immense favorite. It was in this town that Mrs. Stirling made her first appearance, and the Manchester people have now the pride and satisfaction of seeing her the first actress of the day.

The old Chestnut-street Theatre in Philadelphia, is just entering upon its last season. Next year, we learn from positive authority, the building is to be taken down, and stores erected in its place.

Miss Eliza Logan is playing a fine engagement at the Boston Museum.

Miss Julia Dean has been playing a most successful engagement at Rochester.

Ben De Bar and wife, and James Wallack, Jr., are playing at Buffalo.

## Can't help it.

The detention to the steamer Pacific is a source of annoyance to us, as that steamer has our London papers and correspondence on board, which it will be impossible to receive in time for this number. Well, it is not our fault, our readers will readily admit.

## Meanness.

In the first number of the New York Clipper we published a joke, "one of our own invention," in reference to the refusal of a Dutch grocer to receive a one dollar bill from the fear that it had been altered from a ten. One of our city journals, unwilling to give us credit for the joke, altered it in some few particulars, retaining the main features of our joke, however, and published it in its own columns as original, and has been receiving credit for it from those papers which copied it. The *Evening Post* is the paper alluded to, and we think it rather small business to take credit to itself which of right belongs to us. We are not acquainted with a single editor or proprietor of the New York press, yet we think we are entitled to a little courtesy, at their hands, notwithstanding.

P. S. Stealing our jokes is no joke.

## Mac and Lady Suffolk at the Hippodrome.

The late gag race at the Hippodrome between the celebrated horses, Lady Suffolk and Mac, has resulted in a controversy between the owner of Mac and Mr. Dumboldton, for whose benefit the horses were to trot. We leave the parties to settle the question of veracity between them; but this much we will say, that if those having charge of the horses in question permitted them to be used on the occasion spoken of without the permission of the owners, they should no longer possess the confidence of those owners, or of any real lover of the turf. It was a breach of trust, in our opinion, and has injured the reputation of the horses in a great degree, rendering them a laughing "stock" to the rabble, and a source of disgust, instead of pride, to the sporting world. We hope Mr. Concklin will set the matter right.

## That Tailor's Wagon.

What has become of that costly wagon about which a good deal was said a few months since? Hasn't run off the track—has it? As the Yankee once said, "We rather guess it *costs too much expense* to keep the darn'd thing." That speech of the proprietor at that dinner was a leetle too steep for the people, too, we reckon. At any rate, if the wagon hasn't gone to seed, why, trot it out; perhaps there may be a stray customer who would like to "ride up" to that big show.

## Second Avenue Railroad.

There is said to be an imposition practised by the conductors on this road which should be discontinued at once, if the company desire to receive a share of public patronage. The imposition spoken of consists in the mode adopted by the conductors in giving change. The fare, it will be remembered, is 5 cents, yet on a passenger tending a 25 cent piece, he receives but 19 cents in change, thus paying 6 cents instead of 5 for his fare. The conductors count the change in the Dutch grocery style, that is, they will give you in change for a quarter, a ten cent piece and two cents, that's one shilling; then two three cent pieces, and one cent, making in all one shilling and seven pence, or in *honest* change, 19 cents, when you should have 20 cents. A friend suffered in this way on several occasions, once on the 15th, in car No. 8, and on his remonstrating with the coductor, he received abuse instead of correct change. We do not believe the proprietors are privy to this fraud, and yet its continuance after complaint has been made would seem to imply that such is the fact. Give us American currency.

## The Tragedian and the Newsboy.

A tragedian, spending a few moments in one of the public houses near the Bowery theatre a few days since, was soliloquising the words from Richard III, "who saw the sun to-day!" "Here it is, ony one cent," replied a newsboy who happened to drop in at the proper Q.

## One of the B'hoys.

We have heard something of an "admirable Crichton," a proficient in twenty different arts and sciences, but there is a youth in Moyamensing District, Philadelphia county, Tom Murphy by name, and only sixteen years of age, who far surpasses Crichton in varied accomplishments. He can smoke out a shilling's worth of "half spanish" per day, chew up two three-cent plugs of tobacco, drink ten glasses of brandy and water between breakfast and dinner, dance a sailor's hornpipe on the top of a fire plug, handle a slung-shot with the most astonishing skill, and lasso a young negro with the end of a handkerchief. He also understands the thimble-rig to perfection, likewise the games of poker and all fours, and amputates cats' tails with as much dexterity as if he had attended surgical lectures and walked the hospital. All the friends of his family believe he is "the smartest boy in Philadelphia," and we rather think he is, considering that he has never been to High School; but his mother is afraid that his genius will be the death of him. We should'nt wonder.

## Our Share of the Public Funds.

By geographical and arithmetical calculations we have just discovered that if all the money circulating in the United States were divided equally among the inhabitants, every one would rejoice (for about three minutes) in the possession of *twelve dollars.* That's some comfort anyhow.

## That Observatory.

The eagerness of capitalists to make money oftentimes causes them to make money out of pocket. Thus it is with the proprietors of the Lathing Observatory. They thought to bless the people by charging them 25 cents each admission, but the figure being rather *above* the north of the article, the people very wisely look at the ouside of the Observatory, and pocketing their 25 cents, seem perfectly contented with the view they have had. We stated before this place was opened, that 25 cents was too high a charge, and that unless it was reduced to 12½ cents admission, the speculation would prove a failure. Our words have proved correct. The Lathing Observatory is a complete failure, the receipts not being equal to the expenditure.

## Got him that time.

An exchange paper having made sundry statements regarding the manner in which President Pierce passes the time at the White House, the New York Dutchman takes exception to this mode of parading private affairs in the columns of the paper referred to, and says:

"Goes to church "twice every Sabbath!" Why not extend your notice, and let us know how often he sneezes during the week, and whether he takes tobacco before or after his breakfast? Are his boots French or American, and how does he pull them off, with a boot-jack, or by standing on the toes? The *Clipper* will please respond."

With pleasure, Dutchy. The sneezing business depends altogether on the quantity of snuff taken; he *does* take tobacco before or after breakfast; his boots *are* French or American, and he *does* pull them off with a boot-jack or by standing on the toes. Will that do, Dutchy?

## A Consolation in being poor.

The tax upon the real and personal property of Wm. B. Astor, the present year, is upwards of $40,000. What would we poor folks do if we had such a tax as that to pay! Who would be Wm. B. Astor now?

## The Race between the American Ship President Fillmore and the French Vessels.

The French clipper bark Benjamin, it appears, is not the vessel that was backed against the ship President Fillmore, on the run from Bordeaux to New Orleans. The Benjamin was spoken on the 20th June, in latitude 5 11 S., lon. 30 W., on her way to San Francisco. It is supposed the vessel bet on was the French bark Revell Matin, which arrived at New Orleans on the 1st of July, having left Bordeaux about the same time as the President Fillmore. The latter arrived June 26, but whether or not she was the victor is not stated.

## The Story of Dorcas the Dressmaker.

THE SABBATH HAPPY FAMILY.

As we imagined would be the case, the Sunday Courier, after palming off upon its readers an old story for an original one, and after being caught in the act by one or two of its Sabbath brethren, has, without any malice whatsoever, calmly backed out of the fight by refusing to answer the public the numerous queries we propounded to it on behalf of the people in our last issue. The Dispatch is the best game, we think, and after its exposure of the Courier imposition, we think it entitled to the thanks o the community; and on behalf of that community we hereby tender it the public's deep sense of obligation. As for the Courier, we have no hopes of being able to reclaim it from the error of its ways, and meekly resign it to the stings of its own conscience. Oh, Dorcas—Oh, Ruth!

## Time works wonders.

In 1829, or thereabout, Porter, the Mail Robber, was executed at Bush Hill, Philadelphia, for taking upon himself the duty of distributing letters without leave. In 1853, the robbery of a post office in New York is considered a high honor, and is rewarded accordingly.

## OUR IRISH LETTER.—M'Fudd.

Awgist Foreteen.

Deer Muther,

I am not yet fairly recuvurd frum that drunken fit that tuk hould uv me, whin i rote yee last.

Whin i woke up, my hed wos dancin a gig, me ises wur cuvured wid cobwibs, an me mouth wos as dhry as a limekiln. The Widdy Casey, the dere ould kratur, giv me a boul uv tay, wid sum av Sullivan's whuskey in it, jusht to take the taste uv chiney frum it; but it wos so strang that i nerely burnt the tong out uv me, wid the long drink i tuk. Bad luck attind that Sullivan—Irish Sullivan—fur makin it uv sich grate strength, dus he think that iverybody kan stand as much as him, the big buffer.

I felt much bettur after the tay; and when the docthor cum—(fur the Widdy wud hav him in spite ov oll me ixpostulashuns)—i tould him as much, but be me feth he wudent belave me, an begann to fele me pulsh. Hould out yer tong, sez he, an after i did so, he sed it wos as white as a pece of chawk, an that I musht go thrue a coorse uv meddysin—a vinnygur bath, a qwart uv salts to klare the inside out ov me, an thin to be skrubbed wid the skin uv a hedgehog, I noed he ment to kill me. Docthor dere, sez i, shure yer not goin to inflict me wid oll thim contrivances. Hould yer tong, young man, an do as i bid ye, sez he, amint i pruffeshur of meddysin, don't i know me oun bizness best, an ye aut to be thankful that i'm goin to trate yu—[here he made a full stop, an i, thinkin he ment whot he sed, says *brandy an shuggur*, sur, thanky]—to trate you, sez he, not mindin what i sayd, accordin to the nueskule uv meddysin—Humapathey.

Widdy, dere, sez i, after the docthor wos gone, what wul i do, fur i can't stand this tratement at all at all. Shamus, sez she, yer a wake-minded gossoon, an doant no fat's fur yer oun good; do what the docthor bids ye, an ye'll sune be well agin.

Well muther avourneen, aftur i tuk me bath—a hot vinnygar wan, bedad—an the salts, a cupple uv nagurs—bad cess to the wurd uv a lie i'm tellin ye—a cupple uv black nagurs skrubbod me wid skrubbin brushes, till me hole boddy luked like peled inyans.

Musha, but wusent i sore, an boilin wid hate, and thrue ivery pore uv me skin, yu cud put a pipe stem.

Aftur that i wos betther: but if that's the tratement i'm to undhergho, ivery time i catch bull-heffers, devil a wan i'll go nere agin, if they kill all the peeple in the citty.

Yure affecshunate

SHAMUS.


MEXICAN

# MUSTANG LINIMENT.

This article has been thoroughly introduced, and is now universally used, throughout the entire Union, British Provinces, Canada, Bermudas, and West India Islands, and its power and influence is fast becoming felt, wherever civilization has obtained a foothold. Its mild and soothing influence upon diseased parts—effectually CURING in all cases—virtues so diametrically opposed to all other medicines of the kind used—has obtained for it its world-wide reputation.

**RHEUMATISM,**

of years' standing, has been totally eradicated from the system, giving the limbs all their pristine vigor and activity. Its power to conquer this dreadful affliction afone makes it invaluable; but there are many other diseases considered equally incurable, and almost as distressing, that are entirely dispelled under the magical influence of the

**MUSTANG LINIMENT.**

An exxperience of five years enables us to assert with confidence, that it will cure

PILES, ULCERS, TUMORS, of all kinds.
OLD RUNNING SORES, SCROFULOUS DISEASES, STIFFNESS OF JOINTS AND MUSCLES, FELONS, SWELLINGS AND INFLAMMATIONS.
NEURALGIA, TOOTH-ACHE, EAR-ACHE, GOUT, CORNS, SPAVIN, RING-BONE, FISTULA, CHAFES, GALLS, SCRATCHES, POLL EVIL, SWENLY,
and in fact any disease of

**MAN OR BEAST,**

that can be touched with an EXTERNAL APPLICATION.

As a healing and soothing balm for Burns, Cuts, and Bruises, which so frequently result from the accidents of every-day life, it has no equal.

**A PRUDENT HOUSEWIFE**

will always keep a bottle in the cupboard, ready for any emergeney.

**A CALCULATING FARMER**

would as soon think of working his farm without horses, as to working his horses without the MUSTANG LINIMENT.

**LIVERY STABLE KEEPERS,**

Who are acknowledged to be the best judges of horse flesh in the world, and who are the most careful in preserving the beauty, health, and vigor of the noble animal have used the Mustaug thoroughly, and pronounce it the best and only reliable remedy that can be applied.

It is put up in three different size bottles and retailed as follows:—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Small size | 55 | cents per bottle. |
| Medium " | 50 | " " |
| Large " | $1,00 | " " |

The MEDIUM contains three times as much as the SMALL size, and the DOLLAR nearly three times as much as the Medium size; so that there is a gain of fifty per cent. in buying the larger sizes.

**TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS**

Every store should be supplied with this valuable LINIMENT, as it pays a good profit, and sells rapidly.

A. G. BRAGG & CO., Proprietors,
304 Broadway, New York, and cor. 3d and Market-sts., St. Louis, Mo.

Sold by all dealers in drugs and medicines throughout the United States, and territories not yet annexed.

# FALSTAFF TAVERN,

**BY IZZY LAZARUS,**

*No. 4 James Street,*

Two doors from Chatham St., NEW YORK.

Private Lessons given in the Art of Self-Defence at any hour of the day.

# NEW SALOONS AND BAR ROOMS,

Wishing something nice in the way of

***Pictures, Looking Glasses, &c.,***

can be supplied at the very lowest prices for cash, by calling on

ROGERS, 150 FULTON STREET,

near Broadway, where they will find a good assortment of every style both antique and modern.

TO SPORTSMEN, CALIFORNIANS, AND OTHERS.

**Alfred Woodham,**

**No. 160 Fulton-street, one door West of Broadway,**

OPPOSITE "ST. PAUL'S" CHURCH.

Importer and Dealer in Guns, Pistols and Cutlery, is constantly receiving from Manufacturers a full assortment of the above articles, as well as all articles in the Sporting line, viz: Dram Bottles, Shot Pouches, Percussion Caps, Gun Wadding, &c., &c. "Colt's" Patent Pistols, Fishing Tackle, &c.

Sole Agent for "Klein's" Patent Primers and Cartridges for Patent Needle Gun.

"Porter's" Patent Revolving and Repeating Rifles.

All of which are offered at very low prices. The public are invited to call and see for themselves.

**DAGUERREOTYPE HATS.**

RAFFERTY & LEASK

are selling their beautiful Drab, Beaver, and Pearl Felt Hats at their usual low prices of $3 and $4; and in addition giving each customer his likeness in his hat, free of charge. They are the only Hatters in the U. S. that can do this. RAFFERTY & LEASK, No. 57 Chatham, opposite Chambers, and on the corner of Chatham and Pearl Streets.

**The Original Newspaper Depot.**

S. HALLOCK,

**No. 150 Fulton Street.**

General Agent for supplying all the Daily and Weekly Newspapers, Cheap Books, Magazines, &c., &c.

Dealers will find it much to their advantage to patronise the oldest establishment in the United States. By so doing they can have all their Books, Magazines and Newspapers packed carefully in one package, thus avoiding the additional expense o many bundles. Arrangements have been made with the various Publishers, Steamboat and Railroad Companies, for the earliest transmition of Newspapers, &c., superior to any other house.

**MYERS'**

**Empire Stove Polish,**

FOR POLISHING

# GRATES, STOVES, STOVE PIPES,

Or any *Ornamental Work of Cast Iron or Wood;* which for *cleanliness* in its application, *beauty* and *durability* of its *Lustre*, is warranted to be *superior* to *any thing* heretofore offered to the public for that purpose. All orders addressed to

**JOS. H. PRICE, 321 SPRING St.**

will meet with prompt attention.

CARPETINGS.

**TREMENDOUS BARGAINS.**

AT THE CELEBRATED LARGEST AND CHEAPEST CARPET ESTABLISHMENT IN THE UNITED STATES, No. 99 Bowery, New York,

HIRAM ANDERSON.

EIGHT SPACIOUS SALES ROOMS—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

**SALES ROOM No. 1.**

CONTAINS THE MOST EXTENSIVE, FASHIONABLE, and handsome assortment of Hare's celebrated English and American Floor Oil Cloths, of the newest style, satin finish, marble, Italian, fresco, and scroll paintings, ever offered in this city, from 2s. 6d. to $1 the square yard of 1 to 8 yards wide.

**SALES ROOM No. 2.**

THERE ARE 250 PIECES OF THE CHOICEST, most beautiful and desirable patterns of English and American Ingrain Carpeting, at unparalleled low prices, from 5s. to 6s. 6d. per yard. Manufactured for our city sales.

**SALES ROOM No. 3.**

CONTAINS 300 PIECES OF ENGLISH AND American Imperial Three Ply Carpeting, of magnificent Scroll and Gothic figures, imported and manufactured to order, some of which cannot be found at any other establishment in the United States.

**SALES ROOM No. 4.**

CONTAINS 150 PIECES OF FINE INGRAIN CARPETING, of splendid new patterns, at astonishing low prices; 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., and 4s. per yard.

**SALES ROOM No. 5.**

DISPLAYS A WONDERFUL VARIETY of ENGLISH DRUGGETS, 4 yards wide. Also, 3000 yards of Druggets 1¼, 2, and 3 yards wide, at 3s. 3s. 6d., 4s. 5s. 6s. per yard. Also, magnificent Mosaic and Axminster Hearth Rugs, and 100 Tufted Rugs, at 20s.

**SALES ROOM No. 6.**

IS FULLY STOCKED WITH EVERY VARIETY of striped and figured STAIR and HALL CARPETING, at 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. to 6s. per yard. Also, English Tapestry, Brussels and Velvet Stair Carpet at 7s. 8s. 9s. and 10s. per yard.

**SALES ROOM No. 7.**

ROYAL VELVET, Axminster, Tapestry, and Brussels Carpeting, imported from the celebrated English manufactories of John Crossly & Son, and Henderson's, expressly for our city trade. Also, Mosaic carpets of one entire piece, the size 16 feet by 21, and 12 feet 8 inches by 17 feet, worth $350.

**SALES ROOM No. 8.**

Are the PATENT TAPESTRY INGRAIN CARPETS, exhibited at the World's Fair, and to be exhibited at the New York Crystal Palace.

Also, Window Shades, at 6s., 8s., 12s., 16s. and 20s. per pair; Table Covers, Plated and Brass Stair Rods, English Sheepskin, Adelaide and Tufted Parlor Door Mats.

Also, White and Checked Matting, 4-4, 5-4 and 6-4, and Cocoa Matting. All the above goods will be sold 20 per cent. less than any other establishment in the United States.

HIRAM ANDERSON.
99 BOWERY.

N.B.—Families and Merchants visiting the great metropolis, will find it much to their advantage to examine this enormous stock. feb25 3m

**ROSS & JONES,**

**No. 21 Ann Street,**

*General Agents for supplying the city and country with Daily and Weekly Newspapers, cheap Books and Magazines,*

Take great pleasure in giving notice that they have now completed their arrangements with the Publishers for filling the orders of their customers at least one day in advance of any other house in this city.

All the Morning papers are sent by the early train on the morning of their publication, and by this arrangement with the numerous Rail Road and Steamboat lines, we are enabled to pack cheap publications &c., in the same bundle, so that our patrons not only secure their orders in advance, but at the same time save the expense of freight on the extra packages of Books and Magazines.

Now all of you Country Dealers who are bothered almost to death by the lateness and irregularity of your bundles, send on the *Cash* and give the *Working Firm* a trial, and you will have no cause in future to complain. "*Care and Speed*" is our motto.

**"Live and Let Live"**

*Oyster & Dining Saloon,*

**214 Broadway,**

*Opposite St. Paul's Church, New York.*

James A. Walnut, } *Proprietors.*
Wm. H. Radford, }

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**No. 52 DIVISION STREET, ABOVE CHRISTIE.**

The greatest Newspaper and Periodical Depot in the world—where all the Daily, Weekly, and Sunday Papers, Magazines, Periodicals, and Novels may be obtained as soon as published, together with Blank Books, Stationery, Grate Apron Cut Paper, &c. ROBERT P. ELLIOT, Agent.

Ap. 23-tf.

**READING FOR THE MILLION.**

Harpers' Magazine, one and sixpence; Putnam, Graham, and Godey, twenty cents.

All the Daily and Weekly Papers, and Periodicals, immediately on publication.

E. COZENS, News Agent,
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SULLIVAN HOUSE, No. 82 Chatham-st. The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, &c., always on hand.

JAMES SULLIVAN, Proprietor.

BOWERY LITERARY EMPORIUM.—That old established stand, the "BOWERY NEWS HUT" (177 Bowery, near Delancy), still continues to supply all the Sunday, Weekly, and Daily papers, as soon as published; also, the Magazines and Cheap Publicatons, soon as out; together with a general assortment of Blank Books and Stationery. Harpers' will not be sold at cost, (in imitation of several "busy B's" about town), but at the sufficiently low price of 18¾ cents. Plays of the Standard and Minor Dramas constantly on hand

**MEDICAL DISPENSARY,**

*Established in 1832, by Dr. George W. Bond, in Orchard Street, New York,*

**For the Cure of Venereal Disease in all its forms.**

If you are unfortunate, and want to be cured and left in sound health, come to me; I am saving hundreds monthly. My father's reputation and my wonderful success will satisfy any person there is no humbug about this. Those that doubt, let them come and see for themselves, and if I don't do all I say I can, I will make them a present of $25 to go where they think they can do better. I use nothing that is injurious to the system; but use medicines that will strengthen a person, and leave them in sound health in the shortest possible time.

My Vegetable Strengthening Bitters is a speedy and permanent cure for all weakness of the organs of generation, and for that terrible affliction, Nocturnal Seminal Emissions. It has not, in a single instance, failed to effect a radical cure where it has been tried. Office arranged so that persons never meet going in or out. I have private rooms for each person. Medicines carefully put up and sent to all parts of the United States, with advice and full directions.

GEORGE R. BOND, M.D
Successor to Dr. George W. Bond.

Office, corner of Orchard and Grand-sts., New York. Entrance, No, 65 Orchard Street.

Office hours from 10 till 12 A. M., and from 7 till 10 o'clock P. M.

☞ Price of Vegetable Strengthening Bitters $1 per bottle.

# R E M E D I E S

**TO THE PUBLIC.**

RADWAY & Co., the Inventors, Manufacturers and Proprietors of the justly celebrated R. R. R. Remedies, were the first to discover a Remedy possessing the Marvelous and Miraculous Power of stopping the most Excruciating Pains in an instant, allaying the worst Cramps and Spasms either interal or external in a few minutes, and soothing the most severe Paroxysms of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Tic Doloreux, as soon as applied. The R. R. R. Remedies consists of three Remedies, each possessing quick and wonderful powers over certain complaints and diseases, and will instantly—

RELIEVE *The Human System from Pain*
REGULATE *Each Organ to a Healthy Action.*
RESOLVE *Away all Diseased Deposits.*
RENOVATE *The body from all Corrupt Humors.*
REBUILD *The Weak and Broken Down Constitutions.*
RESTORE *To Health, Strength and Vigor all unsound and worn out parts.*

R R R.—No. 1.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,
For all Acute Complaints,
INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL.

The moment it is applied externally or taken into the system, it will stop the most exeruciating pain and quickly remove its cause.

RHEUMATISM.

Mr. Granger, a mason well known in Brooklyn, was a cripple for nine years, Radway's Ready Relief, Relieved him from pain in fifteen minutes, enabled him to walk two miles without the aid of stick or crutch in three days, and cured him entirely in one week.

Thousands of other cases equally as wonderful as the above, have been cured by R. R. Relief.

CHOLERA MORBUS.

Radway's Ready Relief will relieve the sufferer from all pain in fifteen or twenty minutes. It will cure the most desperate cases in a few hours.

NEURALGIA.

The moment R R. Relief is applied it allays the most painful Paroxysms. It will always cure

SICK HEAD ACHE.

It will relieve the most distressing pains in fifteen minutes. It will likewise prevent renewed attacks.

AGUE.

In ten minutes a teaspoonful of R. R. Relief will stop the Chills and break the Fever.

Aches of all kinds, Pains of all kinds, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Strains, Sprains, Stiff joints, Lameness. One application of Radway's Ready Relief will in a few moments ENTIRELY STOP THE PAIN.

It reduces swellings, heals sores, cuts and wounds, removes bruises, allays the most violent irritations. For all pains use R. R. Relief. Look for the signature of Radway & Co. on each bottle.

R. R. R.—No. 2.
RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT
*Resolves, Renovates, Rebuilds.*

IT CURES

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Scrofula, | Tumors, | Bleeding of the Lungs, |
| Syphilis, | Consumption, | St. Vitus Dance, |
| Sores, | Rickets, | Salt Rheum, |
| Asthma, | Nodes, | Canker, |
| Bronchitis, | Fever Sores, | Rash, |
| Ulcers, | Erysipelas, | Tetters. |

The above eighteen complaints R. R. Resolvent will positively cure.

It renovates the system completely, Resolving away from the Solids all impure Poisonous and Diseased Deposits, freeing the Blood and Fluids of Life from all corrupt humors, restoring, Energy and Vigor, Health and Strenth to every Organ and Member of the body.

LETTERS FROM HIGH AUTHORITY.

HON. J. J. MIDDLETON, OF WACCAMAW, S. C.—Writes under date of May 2d, 1853. That Radway's Renovating Resolvent cured one of his negroes on his Plantation at Beaufort, of a Scrofulous complaint, of many years standing. The poor fellow was a disgusting object of pity, he was a moving mass of sores. The other negroes could not remain in the same place with him. None of the Doctors could do anything for him. He was entirely cured by Radway's Renovating Resolvent, and is now at work upon the plantation. To the people of S. C. Mr. Middleton is well know, and to the political world, Mr. Middleton is no stranger.

SCROFULA.

MR. W. B. OLIVER of Drayton, Dooly Co. Ga., under the date of May 30, 1853.—Writes, "that a servant girl who was so reduced that no one would give a trip for her life," she was so covered with sores, that there was not a spot of pure flesh of the size of a silver dollar on her whole body, was entirely cured by Radway's Renovating Resolvent.

NINETEEN YEARS.

MRS. HENDERSON, of Westford, Mass., has been covered with sores for nineteen years, has been cured by R. R. Resolvent.

SALT RHEUM.

The most obstinate cases of Salt Rheum will quickly yield to the RENOVATING RESOLVENT. One gentleman who supposed that this complaint, was hereditary in his family, and had been afflicted with Salt Rheum since his birth, was cured by the use of a few bottles of the Renovating Resolvent, and the POISONOUS RHEUM ENTIRELY ERADICATED FROM HIS SYSTEM.

IT REGENERATES

Every organ and member of the body; it makes sound, healthy and strong all weak, diseased and unsound parts.

WEAKNESS

In Male or Famale is quickly cured, and the debilitated and emaciated made strong, vigorous and healthy Impotenee and Nocturnal Emissions in men, or diseases of either one or more of the generative organs, is quickly removed, and the body restored to a healthy and sound condition.

LOW SPIRITS—NERVOUSNESS.

In WOMAN, the numerous complaints and ailments which cast such gloom over their spirits, a few doses of the Renovating Resolvent will quickly remove the most NERVOUS, GLOOMY and DEPRESSED, feel HEALTHY, STRONG and HAPPY.

Persons wishing this Remedy will please ask for Radway's Renovating Resolvent. Its price is one Dollar per bottle. No small bottles, nor is the genuine ever sold for less. Each bottle bears the fac simile signature of

RADWAY & CO.,
162 Fulton street, New York.

R. R. R.—No. 3.
RADWAY'S REGULATORS.
REGULATES TO A HEALTHY ACTION
*All the Organs and Secretions of the body,*
Restores to Health and Strenth,
THE DISEASED AND WORN OUT PARTS
COMPLAINTS THAT RADWAY'S REGULATORS ENTIRELY CURE.

| | |
|---|---|
| Costiveness, | Liver Complaint, |
| Indigestion, | Heart " |
| Dyspepsia, | Kidney " |
| Dropsy, | Bladder " |
| | Urethra " |

DIFFICULTY OF PASSING URINE

| | |
|---|---|
| Dizziness, | Inflammation of the Stomach, |
| Stupor, | Biliousness. |

MELANCHOLY.

MALIGNANT DISORDERS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Small Pox | Measles, |
| Scarlet Fever, | Yellow Fever, |
| Bilious Pneumonia | Typhoid Fever, |

AND FEVERS OF ALL KINDS

| | |
|---|---|
| Influenza, | Pleurisy Common Colds |

FEMALE COMPLAINTS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Irregularity, | Prolapsus Uteri, |
| Hysteria, | Womb Difficulties, |
| Whites, | Amenorrhea, |
| LOSS OF APPETITE, | Loss of Memory, |
| Loss of Energy, | Loss of Strength. |

R. R. REGULATORS
ARE ENTIRELY VEGETABLE,

| | |
|---|---|
| Perfectly Tasteless, | Never Sicken, |
| Good at all times, | Never Gripe. |

DOSES.

ONE TO THREE—REGULATES.
FOUR TO SIX—PURGES.

One Regulator at Night, on going to bed, will ensure sound sleep, a Good Night's Rest, and a Healthy and Pleasant Discharge from the Bowels in the morning.

*Radway's Regulators, Ready Relief, Renovating Resolvent, are sold by Druggists everywhere.*

RADWAY & Co., 162 Fultonstreet.

*Continued from 1st page.*

ceived an injury on his left shoulder from the topping lift having given way, and the boom falling on him. It is with much regret we have to announce the total loss of the Tern cutter, 16 tons, R. Kerr Syms, Esq., Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland, in Dundrum Bay, at the same time, bound from Belfast to Kingstown. She carried away her mast in one of the very heavy squalls, and here we have to record an act of noble gallantry on the part of Robert Batt, Esq., of the Magician yawl, 62 tons, Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland. Perceiving the distress of his little consort, he immediately bore down to her assistance, took her in tow, and did everything that seamanship and noble daring could to bring her into Carlingford Lough. The gale, however, increasing, the hawser burst, and notwithsanding the almost superhuman efforts to rescue the crew, the devoted little bark was driven into the surf, where her brave band of mariners again made a final effort to save their vessel by letting go an anchor. The Magician was forced for her own safety to claw off; and a pilot skiff fearlessly put off to the assistance of the Tern, and succeeded in rescuing her apparently doomed crew, shortly after which she burst her cable, and was totally wrecked. We are, however, happy to say that no accident occurred to any of her crew, and that all the materials which came on shore were safely stored by the coast-guardsmen. The Seabird, H. Melling, Esq, Hon. Sec., R.M.Y.C. bore up for Amloch Roads; and the Ranger of 12 tons, R. M. Grinnell, and Stanley, 17 tons, J. Wilson, Esq., are supposed to have borne up for Beaumorris or Liverpool. Several yachts from the Clyde also were prevented from arriving in time.

TUESDAY, July 26th—First Day.

The weather was fine, with a good breeze from N. W. Thousands assembled. Each of the club houses was thronged with elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen, who, in addition to the pleasure of the regatta, were regaled by the inspirating strains of two military bands, which came there for their especial entertainment. The aspect of the harbor was picturesque in the extreme. Its extensive area was thickly dotted with yachts of every tonnage, not to speak of the Blenheim and other vessels of larger dimensions, and most of them being dressed in all their colors, the scene presented an appearance of gaiety and animation which it would be utterly impossible to describe in adequate terms. The principal race of the day was for

A PIECE of PLATE, value of £150, presented by the Royal St. George Yacht Club; open to all yachts of 25 tons and upwards belonging to royal yacht clubs; a time race; Long Course, twice round.

| YACHTS. | TONS. | OWNERS. |
|---|---|---|
| VOLANTE . . | 48 | J. L. Craigie, Esq. |
| CYNTHIA . . | 50 | Henry Roe, jun. Esq. |
| CORALIE . . | 35 | Andw. E Byrne, Esq. |
| IRISH LILY . | 79 | R. W. Hillas. Esq. |
| MARINA . . | 53 | W. J. Forster, Esq. |

The signal gun was fired at half-past 11, A.M., and the vessels got away well together; the Cynthia, however, took a slight lead, followed closely by the Marina, the Irish Lily making a good third, which positions they maintained as long as they remained in sight of Kingstown. The race was vigorously contested by all the yachts, which, after a very animated struggle, came back in the following order:

| | H. M. S. |
|---|---|
| VOLANTE . . | 4 37 0 |
| IRISH LILY, . . | 4 46 17 |
| MARINA . . | 4 45 0 |
| CYNTHIA . . . | 4 51 37 |
| CORALIE . . | 4 55 25 |

SECOND PRIZE, value £30, for yachts under 25 tons; half minute time; Short Course, twice round.

| YACHTS. | TONS. | OWNERS. |
|---|---|---|
| ONDA . . | 20 | R. W. Laurie, Esq. |
| VIRAGO . . | 10 | Capt. J. S. Byrne |
| FINGAL . . | 17 | F. Gowan, Esq. |
| CHAMPION . | 24¾ | R. D. Kane, Esq. |
| KELPIE . . | 22 | Paul Deane, Esq. |
| MASK . . . | 24½ | J. C. Atkins, Esq. |
| FLY-AWAY . . | 12 | Sir J. J. Coghill, Bt. |
| SPRAY . . | 14 | P. J. Lynch, Esq. |
| IMP . . | 10. | H. O'Bryen, Esq. |

The usual preliminary having been gone through, at a few minutes after one o'clock, the signal gun rang out, and the above named clipping little fleet got under way in a truly yachting fashion. Within one minute after casting off, the squadron was clear of the harbor. The Kelpie appeared to have the best of the start, the Onda and Mask following close in her wake, and the rest struggling behind at considerable intervals. After going twice round the short course, the Onda and the Kelpie went in advance of the rest, and came home in the following order:

| | H. | M. | S. |
|---|---|---|---|
| ONDA, R.N.Y.C. . . | 4 | 43 | 20 |
| KELSIE, R.I.Y.C. . | 5 | 6 | 25 |

# PIGEON SHOOTING.

## Great Pigeon Match for £200 a side—Messrs. Young and Wood's match—London v. Manchester.

This very exciting match, which has been the theme of conversation amongst all true lovers of the trigger for some time past, was commenced on Wednesday last, at Mr. Beswick's, Royal Oak Grounds, Barking-road. It being a match of much importance, both on account of the magnitude of the stakes and the celebrity (as "crack shots") of the contending parties, we give the preliminary particulars connected therewith. It was made between Mr. Edmund Wood of Manchester and Mr Thomas Young of London, to shoot two matches at pigeons, for £100 a side each contest, at 100 birds each match; that is to say, at 50 birds each on two consecutive days, the first match being named to come off as above on Wednesday and Thursday last. In pursuance of these arrangements, both Mr. Young and his opponent were at the appointed place and stipulated time, viz. one o'clock last Wednesday, both anxious to commence proceedings. Mr. Beswick had the arena for contention strongly palisaded round, so that no person but the trappers, umpires, referee, and reporters could approach near, or in any way interfere with the competing parties. The distance was 21 yards rise, and the enclosed ground (by mutual agreement) the boundary. It was also agreed that any bird alighting on the enclosing rails if it fell in the inside, was to count for the party firing, if outside against; shot limited to 1¼oz. guns to be held *ad libitum*, but the birds to be shot when on the 'wing. Barber of London supplied the birds for Mr. Young, while Redfern of Manchester "did the attentive" to Mr. Wood. Mr. Young shot with a double-barrelled gun, with a bore of 10, and shot No. 6. Mr. Wood used a single barrel piece, seven-eighths bore, and shot No. 7. The day was beautifully fine, but the attendance, though highly respectable, was by no means as numerous as was anticipated; the simultaneous attraction, however, of Goodwood races, will account in a great measure for this. At 20 minutes past one o'clock the umpires (Messrs. Dennis and Webb) and referee (Mr. Mares) having been chosen, the match commenced by Mr. Young (this gentleman having won the toss for choice both days and perferred the lead) facing the trap, gun in hand, with the watchful Barber by his side, in an instant up goes the trap and down goes the bird, a line of conduct which was quickly imitated by Mr. Wood. As it would far exceed our limits to particularise each consecutive shot, our readers must rest satisfied with a general outline of this the first day's proceedings The first bird missed was, Mr Wood's fourth; previous to this the betting on the ground, as far as we could ascertain, was at evens, but this occurrence turned matters slightly in favour of Young, and, we heard 5 to 4 offered in several quarters. Young, however, missing his sixth bird, brought affairs once more to a level; from this up to the 12th shot the shooting was remarkably steady and sure on both sides, but, strange to say, both gentlemen missed their 12th bird. After this double miss, caution was the order of the day, and Mr. Young finished his first 25 birds without another failure. Mr. Wood allowed his 22d bird to escape him, and thus in the first heat, if we may so call it, of the day, Mr. Young had the lead of one. Both parties retired from the field for the purpose of resting and refreshing themselves, and sponging their guns. On resuming the shooting Mr. Young had the misfortune to miss his 26th and 28th birds, which turned the odds in favour of his adversary, who shot up to his 34th without missing; his failure in this shot, however, placed matters again in *statu quo ante*. Mr. Young now proved successful in bringing down 13 birds in succession, but missed his 42d mark. In the meantime Mr. Wood had missed his 38th, which again reduced the betting to evens. We may here remark that on Mr Young's 38th bird being untrapped, it remained quite motionless untill that gentleman lowered his gun and walked away from his post, when the pigeon immediately took wing and flew scatheless away, upon which Old Barber, with a very knowing wink, exclaimed, "Upon my word, a very cunning bird." Of course it counted as no bird. Mr Wood's 38th bird, after fluttering on the top of the palisades, fell outside, and was given against him. A similar occurrence, which we should have mentioned before, took place with Mr. Young's 28th bird. The next miss was Mr. Young's at his 42d pigeon; but Mr. Wood missing his 47th and 50th, left Mr. Young the victor of the day's match by 2 birds. The 50th bird that Mr. Wood fired at excited a considerable deal of interest, from the circumstance of its having dropped apparently lifeless within the boundary, but on the approach of the man "retriever" it "spread its light wings and in a moment fled" over the boundry. This terminated the match for the first, day leaving the state of affairs thus—Mr Young, out of his 50 birds, had missed 5 and shot 45; Mr. Wood had missed 7 and killed 43; consequently, the result of the first day's shooting was in Mr. Young's favour by a lead of two birds only.

On Thursday the sports were resumed a little after one o'clock. The weather was very different from that of the previous day, being exceedingly disagreable, dark and cloudy, with occasional showers. The number of spectators was pretty much the same as on Wednesday. The first bird that escaped was Mr. Young's third (53d), and the second his 11th (61st), during which time Mr. Wood had been shooting with remarkable coolness and precision, killing the first dozen with unerring aim; his 13th (63d), however, escaped him, as did, to the astonishment of all, his 14th and 15th (64th and 65th), thus missing three in succession. Mr. Young proceeded, meanwhile, in his game of destruction, and dropped his next six birds, but let his 18th and 19th (68th and 69th) and 22d (72d) escape. Mr. Wood was now shooting remarkably well, and making up for his losses. He, however, missed his 23d (73d) bird, but neither party made another miss until the end of the first 25 shots, thus leaving Mr. Young only one bird ahead on the entire match up to this time. After a cessation of half an hour, cleaning guns, &c., the parties commenced the final quarter of their metropolitan match. The greatest interest and excitement prevailed among the spectators. The parties had fired 75 shots each, and the difference of but one bird existed between them. At the beginning of this last heat of 25 shots, Mr. Young had the misfortune to miss his second and third (77th and 78th) birds. This revived the spirits of the Manchestrians, who now offered to back the "countryman" to any amount, and 60 to 50 went a-begging in many quarters. Mr. Young having also missed his ninth (84th) bird, their delight was excessive, and raised the odds to 2 to 1, for, during this time, Mr. Wood had not missed a bird, but brought down his first 11 in "crack" style. In his 12th (87th) shot he was, however, unsuccessful, a circumstance which rather lowered the tone of his backers, more especially as his opponent was now firing with great precision. In his 21st (96th) shot, a portion of the percussion-cap struck Mr. Wood's left eye, which immediately became much swollen, and such was its effect, that he missed his 22d and 23d (97th and 98th) birds. Mr. Young on the contrary, brought down his last 16 pigeons without a single miss, and, consequently, at the termination was *one bird* ahead!

Thus terminated the first portion of a match most admirably contested, and during which the display of cool and consummate skill on both sides elicited frequent applause from the lookers-on. The other two days, which will conclude the match, will be the 4th and 5th of August (next Thursday and Friday), when the scene of action will be as Mr. Lamberth's, the Trafford Hotel, in the immediate vicinity of Manchester. The birds provided on this occasion, by Barbor of London and W. Redfern of Manchester, were the very best blue rocks from Lincolnshire, of the strongest and healthiest description.

Mr. Young shot with a gun manufactured by Deane of London, Mr. Wood used one made by Gasquoine & Dyson, Market-place, Manchester.

Out of the hundred pigeons shot at by each, Mr. Young missed, on the first day, his 6th, 12th, 26th, 28th, and 42d birds; on the second day he missed his 3d, 11th, 18th, 19th, 22d, 27th, 28th, and 84th birds—total 13.

Mr. Wood, on the first day, missed his 4th, 12th, 22d, 34th, 38th, 47th, and 50th birds; on the second his 13th, 14th, 15th, 23d, 37th, 47th, and 48th—total 14.

It will be seen from the above that on the two days' shooting, Mr. Young led by two on the first, and Mr. Wood by one bird on the second day. (*Bell's Life, July* 31.)

# THE GOLD SEEKER.

*Showing how Tim Duff was ruined entirely by too much good luck.*

AN IRISH SKETCH,

BY JOHN BROUGHAM, COMEDIAN.

If you coort a dainty maiden,
You may git nothing for your gains
But if you catch a Leprachaun,
Goold, it will reward your pains.

To the romantic and visionary, ever yearning for something beyond the dull tangible realities of every-day life, there is exceeding fascination in the brain revellings of Faery. The components of Irish character render it peculiarly adapted to receive and cherish such impressions; while the thousand-and-one anecdotes of fairy agency, vouchsafed for in every case as being "Gospel truth," and related to the wondering youngsters by some old crone, stamps the traditions upon their minds, until they have become a portion of their very faith.

The Irish fairies are sufficiently numerous and all as well classified, their positions assigned, and their duties defined, by *super*-naturalists, as though they were actually amongst the things that be. The first in order as well as in usefulness, are the fairies *par excellence*, or as they are usually denominated, the "good people." Their occupations are of the most multifarious description; and here let me call attention to the extraordinary similarity to be found between the imaginings of those simpie, unlettered peasants, and the sublimest theories of philosophy. Grave book-learned men have demonstrated the principle of atomic-vitality pervading the universe. The Irish bog-cutter renders the theory into practice, and gives the imagination locality. Myriads of fairies, he is taught to believe, are incessantly engaged carrying on the business of universal nature. Troops of them are filching the perfume from the morning air, to feed therewith the opening blossoms; thousands of tiny atomies the while gently forcing the bud into existence; the warm sun-beams are scattered over the chilly earth, borne on fairy pinions; fairy laden, too, the gentle rain is carried, drop by drop, plunging into the petals of the thirsty flower; the little messenger leaves his welcome load, then flies back to aid his brethren. Thus the whole course of nature's being is supposed to be conducted by this invisible agency. Apart from the philosophy of the matter, one must acknowledge that those bright creations contain within them the very soul af poetry.

There are various other individuals of the fairy genus—the Banshee, the Puckaun, the Fetch, or visionary re-appearance of one dearly loved immediately after death, the most touchingly beautiful conception of all. My present intention is to illustrate the position in Fairy-dom, occupation and general characteristics of the Leprachaun. He is a fellow of no small importance, as in addition to his regular trade, that of fairy shoemaker, he is the custodian of all hidden treasure, knows the whereabout of every concealed hoard, and is, consequently, as much sought after as the gold itself. The tradition goes, that if you catch a Leprachaun, a feat not easily accomplished, as he must be taken when wide awake, for if you touch a sleeping Leprachaun, the penalty is to have your cattle bewitched, and your eldest child an *omadhaun*, (Anglice, idiot.) There is something chivalrous in that same respect for a sleeping antagonist.

However, a Leprachaun once in your power, you may keep him close prisoner until he reveals the place where treasure is concealed; but you must have your wits about you, or the cunning little rascal will be sure to cheat you. One thing is in your favor, he is bound to answer truly to every question.

Now, having introduced my subject, let me tell you what Tim Duff got by finding a Leprachaun.

When I first saw Tim, his appearance was certainly much more pisturesque than elegant. His *tournure* could not be called metropolitan. He was supporting with his shoulder the side of a little sheebeen house, called, with the usual conflicting combination, "The Duck and Griddle;" his hands were listlessly "put away," one in his untenanted breeches pocket, and the other in the breast of what, from its situation only, we must conclude to be his vest; his coat, a huge frieze, in the dog days, remember, fell negligently off from his brawney shoulders, discovering his "Irish,"—I don't think I should be justified in appending "linen;" corduroy "smalls," patched at the knees with material so different from the original stuff, that it must have required considerable ingenuity to procure it. His thick woolen stockings were minus the entire feet, the deficiency being made up with straw, causing comfort in the wear, and a sort of sliding scale in the article of fit, as a straw or two more or less made all the difference. One of his stockings had slipped down from under the piece of twine which gartered it, but with stoical indifference be let it take its course, justly imagining if he pulled it up it would, most likely, fall down again; so there it lay, festooned in easy carelessness around a huge, muscular, and curiously-hairy calf. Leisurely and with Epicurean gusto he smoked a *dhudieen*, or short pipe, black with service, and in dangerous proximity to his nose, which seemed to have turned itself up to get out of the way; singing between puffs, for his own immediate gratification, a self-laudatory song, the burden of which went to prove, beyond all manner of doubt, that he was a most extraordinary individual. Here it is.

THE SLASHIN' BLADE—TOM'S DITTY.

*Ora! thin—n—na—(a sort of bagpipe drone to begin with.)*

You nice young mai-dens where-e'er you be,
Come gather round an' attind to me;
A sportin offur I'm goin' to make,
It's the heart an' hand iv a rovin' rake.
An' that's meself that's come to the fore;
My age is twinty, an' a little more.
I won't owe much whin all me debts is paid,
An' I *am* accountid a slashin' blade.

*Ora—thin—n - na.*

The highest bidder shall have the prize,
The sweetest lips or the brightest eyes;
I'll go dirt chape to the twinties, round,
But for each year afthur I'll have twinty pound.
I'm strong an' hearty, I'm sound win' an' limb,
I can fight an' wrassle, too—dance, drink an' swim;
Make love, make hay, an' use both scythe and spade,
An' the girls all say that I'm a slashin' blade.

*Ora—thin—n - na.*

Bid, my hearties, iv I'm to your taste,
I'll rise the market iv yez don't make haste;
There's a young heart-breaker wid a rovin' eye,
That I'd sell my sowl to, if she'd only buy.
'Tis Molly Rooney is the girl I mane,
If she comes near me, why I'm bothered clane.
Oh! murther, there, I've done, you've spoiled my thrade,
Do what you will wid your slashin' blade!

The easy *nonchalence* of the ragamuffin, and the delicious indifference with which he seemed to regard all sublunary matters, attracted my attention, and urged me to make some inquiries about him.

"Barty," said I to "mine host," with whom I happened to be on terms of peculiar intimacy, for he knew the lurking places of "the best trout in the stream," and could point out the lodging of a "big fish" with singular accuracy; added to which, he had a "small thrifle" of whiskey, that, between you and me, had never troubled the guager's stick, and it wasn't a bit the worse for that; besides an uncommonly pretty—but never mind, that don't belong to this story! "Barty," said I, "who is that devil-may-care-looking genius outside?"

"I know who you mane widout looking, sir," replied Barty, winking significantly; "that's a *karacthur*."

"A *karacthur!*"

"Divil a doubt ov it. Why, sure an that's neither more nor less than Tim Duff himself," said Barty, with the air of a man who had just given a piece of astounding intelligence. Finding that I did not receive the announcement of the fact with the slightest appearance of awe, he continued in a bless-your-ignorance sort of a tone—

"A-thin, don't you know Tim Duff?"

"I certainly have not that honor."

"Not Tim?"

"Not Tim?"

"Duff! that was ruinated horse and foot with too much good luck by a blaggard Leprachaun. The saints keep us, I didn't mane any offince!"

The anticipation of hearing a fairy adventure aroused me, and humbly confessing my ignorance both of Mr. Duff and his experience, I solicited an explanation.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Barty, with what I thought was rather an interested mixing up of circumstances, "I'll dhraw a half a pint of potieen, to *begin wid*, and Tim shall tell you all about it himself"

Well, in due time the potieen came, and with it came the renowned Duff, when he gave me the following account of his lucky ruination.

"You must know, sir, that about a matther of five years ago, come next Michaelmas, there wasn't a tidyer boy nor meself to be found in the county. I had an elegant farm, wid lashins and leavins of everything; a hungry man niver entered my doors an' left it wid the same complaint. My rint was never axed for twice, and be the same token, I could bate any spalpeen of my age at hurlin', kickin' foot ball, drinkin' whiskey, thrashin' the flure wid a purty collieen in a jig, or thrashin' the sauce out of an impident vagabone in a faction fight; an', to crown all, I was miles deep in love wid the bluest-eyed, sweetest-tongued, tinderest-hearted girl in the place. The heavens be her bed, she's in glory now. Lost, lost to me, an' me own doin,' oh! Mary."

There was a slight pause in Tim's narrative. One big tear stood for an instant in each eye, and I began to tremble for his philosophy, when he suddenly seized the pewter measure, and as the tears, resolving themselves into two large drops, fell into it, took a terrible long pull at the fiery liquid, exclaiming, with an approving smack, as he set the vessel down—

"Well! any way, there's comfort in that."

Resuming his story, he proceeded:

"The fact of it was, sir, the devil a one ov me knew how happy I was at all, at all, until it was every bit gone; an' so you may aisily suppose that what was left didn't do me much good. You see I wasn't contented wid havin' enough, but I was always wantin' somethin' more. At last I had a stroke of luck that made me fortune, an', more betoken, broke me completely at the same time. Envy, sir, and covetousness, them was my destruction! I could'nt see a better farm than mine, but I longed for it. I never met a man betther off nor myself but I hated him for it; everlastinly turnin' an' twistin', and huntin' about me in me own mind, to thry an' think ov some way to make money in a hurry, thinkin', like a poor fool as I was, that if I had plenty of riches I should never know a care. It is *foolish thinkin'* so, sir, isn't it?"

"Very," I replied, with as sententious a shrug as I could produce; the mental conclusion to which I arrived being uninteresting to any one but myself.

"Well, sir," continued he, "to make a long story short, one summer night as I was frettin' meself to fiddle strings about what was always uppermost in my mind, I fell asleep in a hurry, and was just as suddenly woke up again, by the sound of a little tap! tap! tap! an' a weeshy voice, a thrifle louder nor a cricket, singin' away as merry as a tay-kittle. Hollo! what the puck is that, thinks I. I gave a side-way squint out ov bed, and what do you suppose I saw! What but a Leprachaun atop ov the table, sittin' on a crust ov bread, and leatherin' away upon a lapstone, about the size of a barley corn. Oh, murther! what a bump my heart guv, right up agin the roof ov my mouth, when I saw him. There, right fornenst me, was what I had so often longed for, or at least the means of gettin' it. His back was towards me, but I was afeard to breathe, lest the sound should start him, for Leprachauns is mighty sharp at hearin'. Well, sir, as I was puzzlin' myself wid thinkin' how the devil I could manage to invaigle him, I sees him get up from his work, walk quietly across the table, and thry to climb up the outside of a jug, that had a spoonful of whiskey at the bottom. Bedad it was as much as I could do to keep from burstin' out, to see the antics of him. He couldn't manage it at all. At last, what does the cunning little blaggard do, but he rowls a pitaty over to the side of the jug, and gets atop ov it.

"You may have some idea of the weight of the ruffiian, when I tell you that, though it was an uncommon soft pitaty, he didn't even make a dent in the skin.

He was elegantly fixed then; he could just lean over the top ov the jug, an' dive his hat down to the bottom; an' then he began to bail it out, and drink like a hungry herrin'. Why, sir, he must have brought up each time as much as would stan' in the eye of a sorrowful flay.

Well, whether it was that the whiskey was above fairy-proof, or that the pitaty slipped from under him, I don't know, but in he tumbled, body an' breeches, down to the bottom ov the jug. The minute I saw that, out ov bed I jumped, and clapped my hand atop ov the jug.

"Ha, ha! you little ragamuffin, I have you," says I.

"Let me go," says he, "I'm smothering."

"Smother away," says I: "the devil a toe you stir until you tell me where to find a threasure."

"Is it a threasure you want?" says he.

"It just is, misther Leprachaun," says I.

"You shall have one," says he. But only let me out, I'll be dhrowned here entirely."

"Will you promise me that you wont do the shabby thing?" says I.

'Yes," says he. "But make haste, for I'm gettin' as drunk as a lord."

Wid that, sir, knowin' that he couldn't go back ov his word, I put in my finger, the bowld Leprachaun made a horse of it, an' I fished him out. Poor fellow, he was very drunk to be sure!

"Here's a pickle" says he, "for a dacint Leprachaun to be in."

"Sarves you right," says I. "What business had you to be stalein' a man's whiskey."

"Thrue for you, Tim," says he. "Sperits will be me ruin; av I don't take the pledge, I'm a gone fairy."

"But come," says I, "about this threasure."

"Don't hurry," says he; "misfortunes come time enough."

"What do you mane by misfortune?" says I.

"You'll find out soon enough, if you must have this money," says he.

"Divil may care," says I.

"Well, then, Tim Duff," says he, "you haven't far to go; twelve feet from the kitchen door dig twelve feet down, and you will find that which will make you rich and *poor!*"

"Thank you—long life to you."

I looked round, an' he was gone; went out like a candle puff. The broad daylight flashed across my eyes, an' I was sittin up in bed starin' at nothin.' "Twelve feet down," says I. Now or never. So up I gets, takes a pickaxe an' shovel, an', without sayin' a word to anybody, dug away for the bare life. Afther about an hour's work, seein' no signs of the threasure, I begun to think that it was dreamin' I was all the time, when the pic struck somethin' that guv a jink. Hurroo! thinks I, my fortune's made. With fresh will I shovelled away, and at last, by dint of tremendous exertion, rather than call any one to help me, I succeeded in gettin a big earthen pot up to the surface, rolled it into the house, and throwing myself into a chair, pantin' for breath, and the tears rowlin' down my cheeks, I looked at it for as good as an hour.

"I knew it contained money, but I couldn't bring my mind to smash it open. Just like a cat—the hungrier she is the longer she plays with the mouse. At last I started up, got my shovel, and gave the pot a savage crack—bash! it flew into a thousand pieces, and out splashed a beautiful yellow shower of guineas. I'll never forget the shiver of delight the sound of thim guineas sent into my heart. The Leprachaun had redeemed his word, I was a rich man, but the remainder of his promise had yet to be fulfilled, and it was.

The first calamity that befel me began upon the instant. In liftin the tremendous weight, I twisted somethin' inside of me back, that has nearly driven me crazy ever since, and all the physic in the world can't put it straight again. Then I removed to a larger farm, where not knowing the land as well as that I was used to all my life, crop after crop failed. But the crowning curse remains to be told. In the pride of my heart, and in the selfishness of increased means, I slighted her for whom I would have died before. I deserted—*killed* my Mary. No, no; it wasn't me that killed her, it was the gold—the accursed gold! Well, sir, after her death an unquenchable thirst came on me. Drink, drink! I cared for nothing else, lived for nothiug else. I needn't tell you how that swallows up every thing. Worse luck followed bad, until at last the chair my mother nursed me in, *that her mother nursed her in*, was taken from my door by a grasping landlord, and I stood before a cold hearth, and an empty cupboard, a broken-hearted man.

The world has been a desert to me ever since, but I have learnt to look on rain and sun with the same face.

## A Chance for the Ladies.

We see advertised in the Louisville papers, a hurdle race, to come off on the 4th of October next, for a gold medal, entrance $10. After giving conditions, &c., the advertiser says: "As the daugthers of Kentucky especially are famous for their equestrian elegance and proficiency, they are respectfully invited to enter the list of competitors for the prize; the gentlemen assuring them of no favors on account of sex, in the grand melee, by fair competition. Ladies from abroad are also invited to participate in the contest.


# MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT.

**"A Balm for every Wound, a Cure for every Ill."**

RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA,
LUMBAGO,
SCIATICA,
SALT-RHEUM,
TETTER,
PILES,
SCALD-HEAD,
CAKED BREAST,
SORE NIPPLES,
SORE SHINS,
BURNS AND
SCALDS,

ULCERS, GOUT,
STIFF JOINTS,
BRUISES,
CUTS,
CHAFES,
GALLS,
SPAVIN,
SPLENT,
RING-BONE,
SWENEY,
SORES,
SCRATCHES,
POLL-EVIL.

**HARD LUMPS OR TUMORS,**

AND ALL KINDS OF

**Pains or Inflammation, in Man or Beast.**

A FEW TESTIMONIALS.

This is to certify that the Mexican Mustang Liniment has been used quite extensively in the stables of Adams & Co.'s Great Southern, Eastern and Western Express, for CURING Galls, Chafes, Scratches, Sprains, and Bruises, and it has proved effectual. Many of their men have also used it on themselves and their families, and they all speak of its healing and remedial qualities in the highest terms. One of our hostlers got kicked, and badly cut and bruised on his knee—as usual, the Mustang Liniment was resorted to, and the soreness and lameness was soon removed, and it was perfectly well in three or four days. We have no hesitation in recommending it as a valuable preparation, to be used externally on man or beast.

J. DUNNING,
Foreman of Adams & Co.'s Express Stable, New York.

☞ A child in Frederickton, N. B., a few days ago, burned its legs severely against a stove. The mother immediately applied Linseed Oil and Cotton Wool, with a tight bandage over all. In a short time the screams of the child induced the mother to remove the bandage, when it was discovered that the cotton wool had taken fire by spontaneous combustion, and had considerably increased the size of the burn. The mother happened to think that she had part of a bottle of Mustang Liniment in her house, which she got immediately and applied to the burned limbs of the little sufferer, and as soon as it was applied, the child ceased its cries and soon after fell asleep in its mother's arms, by the soothing influence of this valuable preparation.

Every family should be supplied with this Liniment in case of accident, as we know it to be a valuable article.—*Boston Eve. Chronicle.*

☞ It becomes our duty to state, from unquestionable facts, that there is a compound patented by Messrs. Bragg & Co., Broadway, corner of Duane street, that in a pre-eminent degree supersedes all modern preparations, and the best evidence that can be given of the "Mexican Mustang Liniment" is, that it effects the salutary and desirable objects which its worthy inventors have so fully demonstrated in their advertisement, in another column. We are well acquainted with a gentleman in this city, who has visited our office every other day for the last three years, and who, during the period of seven years, as he states, suffered considerable pain at intervals, in his knee-joint, from rheumatism, and though he had recourse to every description of compound medicines within the reach of purchase, yet not the least relief did any of them afford him. About two months since he was induced to try the Mustang Liniment, and after about thirteen applications he found himself entirely relieved from all rheumatic pain or affection.—*Irish American.*

From a personal acquaintance with the individual mentioned in the preceding paragraph, we have no hesitation in endorsing the statement.—*Eds. Democrat*

OFFICE WALL STREET JOURNAL,
NEW YORK, 1st Feb. 1853.

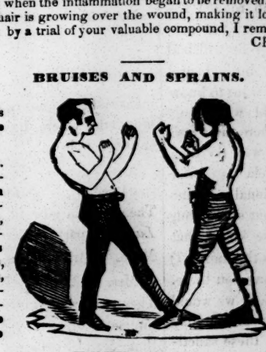
MESSRS. A. G. BRAGG & CO.—
We want your advertisement, because we have used your Liniment, personally, and it has done us good. We will insert it at $2 per month instead of $4, and you may change it to suit yourselves.
Yours, respectfully,
ROBINSON & CO.

DOVER, N. H., January 26th, 1853.

MESSRS. A. G. BRAGG & CO.—I had a valuable horse that about three weeks since was wounded severely in his thigh, with a sharp hook, opening a gash three inches in length, and an inch or more deep. I tried various articles to heal it, but inflammation getting into it caused large quantities of matter to collect, and the limb was quite stiff. A friend of mine asked me if I had tried the Mustang Liniment, to which I replied in the negative, but thinking it might do some good, was induced to try it I had only used one half bottle when the inflammation began to be removed, and the wound to heal. Now it is entirely healed and the hair is growing over the wound, making it look as well as ever. Hoping that others may be benefited by a trial of your valuable compound, I remain yours,
CHAS. E. WHITEHOUSE.

BRUISES AND SPRAINS.

We have almost daily proofs of the magical power of the **Mustang Liniment** in severe bruises and sprains. Every one is subject to accidental bruises by coming in contact with some hard substance, in stumbling, falling, being upset in carriages, railway cars, &c., or by kicks from horses, falling of stones, timbers, and other missiles, and thousands of other collisions that we are constantly subject to. A bruise upon the face or about the eyes, will frequently disfigure a person for weeks, by leaving large "black and blue" marks indicative of a "set to," that are particularly disagreeable and annoying to a sensitive person By using the Mustang Liniment as directed, all those discolored spots will be removed with a few applications, and the skin left its natural color. Sprains of the most severe character are cured in a few days.



RHEUMATISM.

Persons afflicted with this disease, no matter of how long standing, or what the cause, or what remedies they may have used, so that the organization of the affected parts are not destroyed, can be promptly, effectually, and permanently cured, simply by using the

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT.

Numerous certificates can be furnished from persons who have paid hundreds of dollars to doctors, and from ONE TO FIVE dollars a bottle for various Rheumatic Compounds and Specifics, without receiving any relief, who have been perfectly cured in a few days by the use of ONE BOTTLE of the Mustang Liniment. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

CORRESPONDENCE.

We have as yet established but one agency for the Mustang Liniment in Canada West—namely, Mr. James Granger, of Napannee. He writes us as follows:

"The way is, in my opinion, opening advantageously for an extensive sale of your article in our neighborhood. Scarcely a day passes without several calls for Mustang Liniment." With this letter came the following certificates.

CANADA WEST,
FREDERICKSBURG, December 1st, 1852.

MR. JAMES GRANGER—Sir, I feel it my duty to inform you of the good effects of a medicine which I purchased of you, called Mexican Mustang Liniment. My wife has been affected with very severe Rheumatism during the last twenty-four years, and her case has baffled the most skilful physicians in our vicinity. I have tried every patent medicine recommended to cure that disease, which came within my reach, but her affliction was rather increased than lessened. Her knee, the part in which the disease was located, became greatly calloused. She had been for many years obliged to use crutches having almost entirely lost the use of her limbs. I by chance heard of the Mexican Mustang Liniment, for which I was informed you were agent. I obtained and applied a bottle. It entirely removed the pain, and by a continued application of more of the medicine, I believe four bottles, the callouses are now nearly gone. My wife can now walk freely without erutches and free from pain.
Yours, very truly,
WM. SPENCER, Sen.

CANADA WEST,
RICHMOND, February 8th, 1853.

MR. JAMES GRANGER—Dear Sir: During the last six years, I have been a very great sufferer from Rheumatism. In the cold weather, especially, my disease raged with almost insupportable violence. I have been frequently confined to my bed for weeks together. I became helpless and hopeless. I have tried the mulitude of nostrums prescribed by my friends and acquaintances, but without any permanent relief. At very great expense, I employed medical aid. I remained many months under the charge of the best reputed physicians in our vicinity, but found no better success. I had recourse to the most skilful practitioners in Bellville and Kingston, but my hopes were again prostrated. My case was considered *incurable*. When at last, as one given up to die, I had lain nearly three months suffering extreme agony and unable to obtain relief from any quarter, I was recommended to use a medicine called Mexican Mustang Liniment, to be found at your drug store. Though I had never heard of such a medicine, such was the state of my case that I resolved to try it. The effect seemed scarcely credible to myself, yet it was so. My pains left me entirely, and after spending more than one hundred dollars in cash, and suffering more than I would have thought it possible for man to suffer and survive, one dollar's worth of the Mexican Mustang Liniment, manufactured by A. G. Bragg & Co., has completely restored me to health. Should there be any one suffering from this terrible disease, I hope that so simple, easily applied and efficacious a remedy, as the M. M. Liniment, may be within their reach. I remain dear sir, yours very truly,
SAMUEL BALDWIN.

**To Country Merchants.** Every store should be supplied with this valuable Liniment, as it pays a good profit, and sells rapidly. **Prices of the Liniment.** It is put up in bottles of three sizes, and RETAILS at 25 cents—50 cents—and 1 dollar per bottle. The 50 cent and dollar bottles contain 50 and 100 per cent. more Liniment, in proportion to their cost, so that money is saved by buying the large sizes.

A. G. BRAGG & CO., *Sole Proprietors.*

PRINCIPAL OFFICES—384 Broadway, corner Duane street, New York, and corner Third and Market streets, St. Louis, Mo. Also for sale by dealers in Medicines throughout the United States.